The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

February 23, 1924

Prayer

O GOD, Immortal and Invisible, forgive the faltering faith of those whose dwelling is among the mortal and the seen. We have no sight for unseen things, and we may have missed Thee at every turn. Every common bush may flame with fire, but we have no time to turn aside, and our hardened feet do not apprehend the holy ground. The heavens may declare Thy glory, but our eyes are too earthbound to read their story of infinity and peace. Day unto day may utter speech, but our ears are deaf with inward strife, and we hearken not nor understand. We have brooded long on the pain and anguish of the world, but we can read no redemption in the cross to which humanity is nailed; we have looked into the faces of our fellows, but discern no divine impression there; we have found little to love in the brother whom we have seen, how can we hope to love the God whom we have not seen? And now the awful fear has crept upon us that we are blind.

O Lord, that we might receive our sight. Amen.

W. E. Orchard.

Pacific School of Religion Berkeley, Cal.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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—From an Editorial in the Leader.

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176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

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ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed

Editorial

THE CHRIST WAY

MORE and more as the Christ Crusade develops in the minds of leaders and followers alike, it seems to be taking the form of great emphasis on the rebirth of spiritual religion in the minds and hearts of all our people. "To have the mind of Christ," "to make our religion a life, not a dogma," "to take Jesus in earnest," "to get our people generally to go down on their knees in prayer" and "go out in the highways and byways of life in a spirit of self sacrifice"—these are the things we are hearing as the workers go out and as they come back from our far flung liberal line.

From a number of conferences, the General Superintendent and General Secretary come back reporting that ministers are saying: "We could go into our pulpits during Lent with more faith and courage if we could feel that our people had been giving even two or three minutes a day to thought on spiritual things. Could the *Leader* print prayers for each day of the week during Lent?"

Not only prayers but thoughts for the quiet hour, and it was already arranged when the requests began to come in.

God willing, we Universalists are going to be more and more mighty in the execution of our tasks out in the busy world because we are going to take time to be still and know that there is a God, to think about Him, to commune with Him, to listen, and to speak with frankness of what lies on our minds.

* *

GO FOR THOSE RESPONSIBLE

WELL informed observers at Washington assure us that "the World Court protocol now before the Senate is as dead as a door-nail," that "there is no possibility of the Senate passing it," that therefore "there is no chance of the United States becoming a participating member of the World Court," that "Coolidge knows this and is not going into a useless fight."

Leaving out of consideration the attitude of the President, who on the whole has made an admirable Chief Executive, let us consider the men whose vote and whose failure to vote kills in committee a project so full of hope for mankind as the World Court. They flout American public opinion. They turn their backs upon American ideals. They disregard the solemn lessons of a terrible war.

There is but one thing to do with them: Defeat them politically to a man. This is not to punish; it is to teach.

No matter how sound they may be on the tariff from your particular standpoint, slaughter them at the polls. Of what value will tariffs be when docks are blown up, customs houses destroyed and industrial plants blown to pieces with huge bombs from the skies?

No matter how sincere and honest they may be, retire them. They are stupid to the point of crime. Another great world war will be suicide. There is no "if" or "and" or "but" about it. We have seen buildings go down like packs of cards under the comparatively small bombs of the last war. We have seen foundations blown out from under four-story structures by bombs which fell alongside. We have been under the shower of debris of falling houses and shared in the agony and ruin of aerial warfare when it was still in its infancy. It is no matter of guess work. It is grim and terrible reality which confronts us. And our Senators, Nero-like, sit fiddling or playing politics.

There is but one consolation for the misrepresented citizen. The Capitals and the Capitols of the warring countries will be the targets.

The fine young lads of eighteen or twenty or twenty-two will not bear all the burden next time. These hoary-headed old politicians who make or permit wars, in spite of all their *finesse*, will be in the forefront of the battle.

* *

THE RIGHT THING IN A HARD PLACE

NOT because he is the President, and certainly not because he is a Republican, but because he is right, fair, square and courageous, we call attention to the reply of Mr. Coolidge to the resolution of the Senate asking for the resignation of Secretary Denby.

All of our own information is to the effect that this Secretary is not a particularly able man. It is unquestionable that his resignation now would help Mr. Coolidge. It is quite likely that Mr. Denby made a serious mistake in approving the oil leases. And

when the matter first came up, if he had issued the statement he did later defending his action, but had insisted on getting out at once to relieve his chief, it would have been a big, unselfish, generous act. But he did not do it, and the Senate now asks that the President immediately request his resignation. In reply the President defends the prerogative of the Executive against Senatorial encroachment, a question which we are interested in as a citizen but not as an editor of a religious weekly. What the President said further, however, in reply to the Senate, makes reading which stirs the heart and sends the blood coursing through the veins of every fair and loyal man.

> As soon as special counsel can advise me as to the legality of these leases and assemble for me the pertinent facts in the various transactions, I shall take such action as seems essential for the full protection of the public interest. . . . I do not propose to sacrifice any innocent man for my own welfare, nor do I propose to retain in office any unfit man for my own welfare. I shall try to . . . act upon the evidence and the law as I find it, and to deal thoroughly and summarily with every kind of wrong doing.

With the wild running to cover of so many officials when some storm breaks, with the ignoble attempts of politicians to make capital unfairly, with the general disposition in Washington and out to decide on rumor, guess, surmise and facts only half developed, and with the common weakness in churches and in legislative halls to yield when our own interests are concerned, it is refreshing to read these great words of the President. We didn't think it was in him. Little, homely, silent, unmagnetic, he has sounded several clarion blasts by simply doing the right thing in a hard place.

* *

"TRUDGING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE"

THIS interesting phrase, "trudging from house to house," is from the lips of the Rev. McIlyar H. Lichliter of Boston, just called to be minister of the Washington Gladden Church at Columbus.

To a group the other day in Boston he said: "For fifteen years I have made no pastoral calls. I have now made up my mind that the minister who wins out in the next fifteen years will be the minister who trudges from house to house and establishes direct personal contact with his people. When I went out to Columbus to talk over the call, the committee showed me a generous budget made up for the next year with an appropriation for an assistant to do pastoral calling. I told them to cut it out, for I intended to do my own."

This is a significant statement, coming as it does from a man who has tried both ways.

It is quite true that calling customs, in the cities at least, have changed. Calls are made by card, and people meet at their dinners, their clubs, their bridge parties. What calling is done is on days at home, which often are large receptions with little chance for serious talk. Ministers have yielded to the difficulties of the situation and have stopped calling. They have said that they could put their time in to better advantage.

Is Mr. Lichliter then attempting the impossible when he says that he is going back to the old way? That depends on how much he believes in the personal contact with his people and how resourceful he is in expedients.

There are ways of arranging pastoral calling in advance, setting days, making appointments, seeing the men in their offices and shops at hours when it is not an interruption.

The minister who overdoes it, calls six days a week, is as foolish as the minister who does not call. The minister who does not learn and respect the hours when people can receive him, likewise makes a mistake.

But nothing can take the place of knowing people in their homes, getting acquainted with their joys, sorrows and perplexities, and entering into their experiences with deep and true sympathy.

We predict that Mr. Lichliter will succeed in the great church to which he is going.

* *

HOSEA BALLOU—THE PIONEER IN LIBERAL THEOLOGY

GREAT credit for the advance in religious thought during the last century is being given to William Ellery Channing, Dr. Fosdick and a few others. While we do not wish to detract from glory which is theirs, nevertheless we would be recreant as Universalists if we failed to call attention to the fact that the heroic, manly, clear-thinking Hosea Ballou is the man who thought out, fought for and gave to the world the fundamentals of liberal religion.

Hosea Ballou was able to see things steadily and to see them whole. Born in a small village in New Hampshire, reared on a rocky New England farm, educated by his own efforts, with no schooling until nineteen years of age and then for only a few months, Hosea Ballou developed into one of the greatest theological thinkers America has ever produced. What he thought out, he proclaimed. That which he proclaimed became the theology of the Universalist Church. Long before Fosdick, long before Campbell, long before Channing, our own Universalist forebear sowed the seeds of liberalism.

Truly did the Rev. Richard H. McLaughlin say not long ago in Hartford that the Episcopal Church could have saved itself a lot of trouble if it had but listened to what our Universalist fathers proclaimed one hundred and fifty years ago.

In the word of Dr. John Coleman Adams: "It is not for pride and self-gratulation that we rehearse these historic facts to ourselves. It is that we may think soberly upon the tremendous responsibiities they lay upon us, the solemn trusts of privilege. The nineteenth century has vindicated the insight of Ballou in the way he marked out for our feet. Will the new one vindicate our courage and faithfulness in walking therein? His leadership in thought put this Church in the van of the marching columns. Will our discipleship keep us there? The stern years will tell."

H. H. N.

* *

THE CHRIST CRUSADE MEETINGS

THE special services in Washington and Baltimore under the auspices of "The Christ Crusade" have awakened interest greater than anticipated when they were projected.

The men taking the services stop in Baltimore and preach at 11 a. m. and go on to Washington for a service at 8 p. m.

Dr. Frank Oliver Hall opened the campaign on Feb. 10, speaking on "Jesus Christ—a Leader to be Followed, Not a Dogma to Be Believed." Dr. John Murray Atwood, President of the General Convention, spoke on Feb. 17 on "Jesus Christ—His Bible and Ours." Both speakers were at their best. Both stirred the minds and hearts of Universalists and attracted the attention of a good number of outsiders.

The new literature issued by the Publishing House is handed out at the doors of the two churches: Hall's "Thrilling Bible Experiment," Bisbee's "Why I Am a Universalist," Tomlinson's "Why We Are Universalists," Grose's "The Universalist Church: Its Doctrine," and Perkins' "How Did Christ Come." Other pamphlets will be used as fast as issued. It is clearly understood by the ministers at Baltimore and Washington, Mr. Kearns and Dr. Rice, that the follow-up work of such meetings is what gives them their great significance and value.

The Boards of the two churches are not only keenly interested, but the members are working. The Comrades have taken as their special task the propagation of our faith through these meetings. The newspaper end is looked after. The members of the two churches are attending the services and talking them up. In Washington the parish is divided into teams of ten and each team has as its task getting people out to the Sunday night meetings.

In other denominations this kind of religious quickening is called a revival. It is proving to be that in Washington and Baltimore. It ought to spread throughout our entire denomination.

* *

THE WASHINGTON CHURCH PROJECT

THE Washington people seem anxious to have it understood throughout the Church at large that the project for a National Memorial Church did not originate with them. In our opinion it would have been highly creditable to them if it had. And it is hardly fair to say that they had not dreamed of it, talked about it, and even saved a little money toward it. But the definite project originated with the General Convention Board. It was taken up with energy by the General Superintendent. It was laid before the Detroit Convention. It was actually started by the Comrades at their dinner in Detroit. None of these things are said by the Washington people in self-defense, but that the facts may be understood. The position they do not want to be in is that of demanding something for themselves at the expense of other people or urging luxuries for their own consumption while others lack necessities.

They know that there are many cities and villages not nearly as well fixed as they are to-day, and they want to see them helped and strengthened. They know that Japan needs simple shelter more than they need vaulted arches. The Washington people are not selfish and not blind. But they know also two other things: that man shall not live by bread alone, and that bread for Japan does not depend on whether or not we build a new church in Washington.

Washington is a city which belongs to the man in Maine and California as well as to the man living next our little church at 13th and L Streets in the Capital. And a beautiful church there, a symbol of our faith, where all the nation may see it—a church which is at the same time a memorial to thousands who have served nobly—will stiffen the morale of our denomination everywhere.

There is money enough and to spare for Japan, and for pensions, and for the starving children of Germany, and for an adequate and worthy memorial church. The only thing lacking is our ability to show people that they can use money wisely through the Universalist Church, that we are wise stewards, that we are competent business men, that we are good almoners for Christ.

In our opinion going through with these projects we have started will show just this.

* *

SPECIAL OFFER—ACT QUICKLY

THE *Universalist Leader* in every home in the denomination for three months, beginning with **Lent, March 5. Subscription price, twenty-five cents.**

Special page of daily devotional services, two minutes in length, for use in the home during the Lenten season. A daily source of strength for daily needs. Our purpose is a brief period of family worship in every Universalist home in the denomination as a part of the Christ Crusade.

The plan is to have one or more of the auxiliary societies of each church, such as the Mission Circle or the Comrades, foot the bill to put the *Leader* into each home where there is at present no subscriber. No matter how large the list, the amount of money required to accomplish this will be small. The list of names should reach us at once.

Perhaps these lines will be read by some member of our present *Leader* family who will be moved to call up his or her pastor and say: "Send Dr. Lowe a list of your people immediately as subscribers for the *Leader* for the three months beginning with Lent. I will pay the bill."

Getting the *Leader* into every home is not all. The minister will explain from the pulpit or in the parish paper why people are receiving the *Leader*. Call upon them to use the devotional services furnished for each day as part of a great denominational movement. Repeat the appeal Sunday after Sunday. Perhaps a Home Devotions Committee can be organized to send out a letter of appeal and to conduct a campaign to secure co-operation. An Honor Roll giving number of families using Family Devotional Services, without names, might be printed in the bulletin or announced from the pulpit. Here is a great opportunity to help each other in our common effort to advance the cause.

The possibilities growing out of this reinstatement of the family altar are many. Spiritual power will come to quicken both pulpit and pews. Congregations will grow. Accessions to membership will be unprecedented. Contributions through all church activities, local and general, will be multiplied. The very thought that the Universalists of America are uniting in services of devotion daily will be inspiring.

J. S. L.

Opening of the Christ Crusade

Jesus Christ---A Leader to Be Followed Rather than a Dogma to Be Believed*

Frank Oliver Hall

"We would see Jesus." John 12 : 21.

I WISH this morning to sketch the life of Jesus, as I have come to understand it, and to picture for you, if possible, the character of the man, as I have come to see him. It is apparent that there is a very wide difference of opinion concerning Jesus, as there is concerning nearly every notable man that ever lived. I shall not try to tell you what the opinions of other men are. I shall try to tell you mine. My thought may not coincide with yours. Then, very likely, my thought is wrong. But just as likely your thought is wrong. More than likely both of us see a part of the truth, and if we were to add together what we both see, and what a third and fourth and fifth man see, we might come near to compassing the greatness of this great man.

About 1900 years ago there was born in the country of Palestine in Asia a Jewish child. The birth was so obscure that we do not know just where or when it took place. We possess four biographies of the man, very brief, hardly more than sketches, and none of which was written for at least fifty years after the man died—maybe a hundred would be nearer the truth. The records from which such biographies could have been compiled were scanty, and the biographers were probably not the most careful historians. Two of these biographies say that this man was born in Bethlehem of Judea. Two assume that he was born in Nazareth of Galilee. But this difference is of very little consequence except as an indication of the obscurity of his birth. He was born, like most of the world's greatest men—a Lincoln, a Luther, a Shakespeare—in obscurity and in comparative poverty.

No one knows exactly when he was born. We have come to celebrate the 25th of December as his birthday. There is one chance in 365 that we are right. This date was celebrated in all parts of the world for centuries before the birth of Jesus as a mighty festival of rejoicing over the fact that the sun on this day ceases to go down closer and closer to the horizon, and begins to ascend the heavens again. It was originally a celebration of the birth of the sun. The Christians, finding the festival already established, rechristened it, and on that day began to celebrate the birth of the Son. But no man knows on what day Jesus was born. No man knows in what year he was born. The best historians agree that it was from four to eight years previous to the date which we commonly assign. That is as near as they can come.

So this little child was born in an obscure home, in an obscure village, in an obscure province of the great Roman Empire. But there is no doubt that his boyhood's days were spent in the little town of Nazareth. This was in every respect most fortunate. Professor Ward has a little book entitled "Tennyson's Debt to His Environment." One might substitute the name of another man for that of Tennyson. Says Mr. Chadwick, "Shakespeare and Dante might have been born exactly as they were in body and brains; but if Shakespeare had been born in Florence in the twelfth century and Dante in England in the sixteenth we should have had no Shakespeare's plays as we now have them, and no Divina Commedia." So one might write a book on Shakespeare's debt to his environment, or Dante's debt to his environment. And he might, with equal justice, write a book entitled, "Jesus' Debt to His Environment."

If one were to study the history of the world with the idea of placing his finger upon the period in which a great religious teacher would most likely arise, I think he would select that time when the religion of the civilized world was tumbling into fragments. Man is a religious animal. He must have a religion. His nature cries out for one, and will not be satisfied without one. And when the old religions go to pieces that is the moment when we may expect with certainty that a new religion will spring into existence. This was the situation of the Roman world 1900 years ago.

So if one were to search the history of races to select the one out of which we might reasonably expect the great religious teacher to come, I am sure he would pass by the Anglo-Saxon race, whose genius runs to material expansion, and the Celtic race, whose genius runs to poetry, philosophy and music, and the Grecian race, whose genius runs to art, and the Roman race, whose genius runs to war and law; and out of them all he would select the family of Israel, whose genius runs to religion. If you were to look for a great musician, you would expect him to spring from a race of musicians, for a soldiers from a race of soldiers, for a painter or sculptor from a race of artists. If you look for a great religious leader, seek for him among the people whose only genius was for religion. That people is the Jews.

Looking among the Semitic people in the period that I mention, for the birth of the religious genius, in what part of the country shall we search? In Judea, where the spontaneity of the religious life is crushed under a mighty weight of ceremonialism, where exclusiveness was a virtue and intercourse with thought other than Jewish a sin? I think not. Among the Samaritans, whose life had been corrupted with paganism and contaminated with hate? I am sure not. Where, then, but among the free highlands of the north? Where does the spirit of freedom grow with its greatest strength? Freedom is born in the north. What atmosphere does it breathe? The heated atmosphere of the lowlands? Nay. It flourishes best in the rare and pure atmosphere of the hills.

So Jesus was reared in the north among the hills. His home was situated in a little valley surrounded by hills as high as the Catskills. When with some venturous companion he climbed to the top of these

*Delivered at the Church of Our Father, Baltimore, Sunday morning, Feb. 10, and at the Church of Our Father, Washington, on Sunday evening, Feb. 10.

hills, as being a boy undoubtedly he did many times, he gazed away to the north, and saw some fifty miles distant the summit of Mt. Hermon, bald and barren in the summer, snow-capped in the winter, rising half as high again as Mt. Washington. From these hills flowed many water courses, and carried to the thirsty valley the gift of surpassing fertility, a fertility that has long since disappeared under the wasteful husbandry of the Turk, but at the time of Jesus these valleys were covered with vineyards and orchards, while palm and pomegranate trees flourished upon the sunny slopes, and great fields of barley and wheat and rye waved in the cool breeze and shimmered under the warm rays of the sun. It was a beautiful country, a country to delight the heart of a boy, filled with flowers and birds, with a lake the size of Winnepesaukee in which a boy might bathe and catch fish, not so distant that he could not often find his way thither, and all embosomed in the wall of surrounding hills which speak always to the poetic soul of God, as they spoke to the great countryman of Jesus who wrote the Psalm, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help."

Jesus was the son of a carpenter. He was reared in a poor but by no means poverty-stricken home. He knew what it was to work with his hands. Every Jewish boy had his task, and every Jewish boy learned a trade. Jesus learned the trade of his father, and knew how to use the hammer and the saw. In boyhood he was sent to school in the synagogue, as all Jewish boys were, and he learned to read and, perhaps, to write; he committed to memory long passages of law. His mind was bathed in the wonderful literature of his people, which is preserved in the Old Testament. He knew the story of the struggle of his country out of the bondage of Egypt; he revered the name of Moses. On the Sabbath when he went to the synagogue with his father, he listened to the exposition of the Scripture, and joined in singing those mighty hymns which have done more to inspire a deep religious life than any other hymns that were ever written, the Psalms of David. And we can well imagine that when at evening, the day's work being over, the old man, Joseph—for tradition says that he was much older than Mary, who was a second wife, and came to a home already filled with children—would draw his sons about him, and tell them of mighty struggles for liberty that their ancestors had waged generation after generation, century after century. Subjugated by one nation of foreigners, they would fight for freedom and win it only to be subjugated by another and mightier nation than the first, until the Roman came and imposed the most galling yoke of all. He would tell them the stories of the Maccabees, how father and five sons had organized a revolt, and fought for the liberty of their native land until, one after the other, all had laid down their lives upon their country's altar. No people ever lived that could relate a more heroic history than this little nation of Jews. But oh, it was a pitiful history, the history of the life being ground out of a liberty-loving people by the power of the strong.

And then the father would tell of the splendid vision seen by prophets of old, that the day would come when God would raise up a mighty leader for His people, of the lineage of the great King David, a man of brawn and brain, an anointed one, a King indeed, a Messiah who would be able to gather the fragments of the broken and oppressed people into a united whole and re-establish the glory of the ancient state. And every Jewish boy must have secretly been filled with the glorious hope that he, he, might be that chosen leader of God for the liberation of his dear native land. Jesus dreamed that dream. So did many others. No less than fifty Jewish boys dreamed the same dream in the century in which Jesus was born, undertook to accomplish the task, and, like him, paid for their dreaming with their lives.

There is one other fact which we ought not to overlook in considering the debt of Jesus to his environment. What the great railroads are to our time, the caravan routes were to the day of Jesus. All sorts of merchandise was transported on the backs of beasts, or slaves. Camels, horses, asses and men tramped over these great routes, driven by the lash of the master, and carrying the merchandise of the world. Now one of the greatest of these commercial roads connecting the bustling seaport Ptolemais with the thriving ancient city of Damascus, passed through the center of Galilee, wound round the northern end of the lake, and made of Capernaum a principal station for the procuring of fodder and food and the making of repairs.

Over this route came men of all nations—Phenicians, Syrians, Arabs, Greeks, while the stolid Roman soldier was omnipresent. Now, of course, the Jews of this region found a source of profit in ministering to these passing caravans, and however exclusive the Jew of the south might be, the Jew of Galilee was cosmopolitan. He knew the world and was despised by his southern brother accordingly. To the southern Jew nothing good could be expected to come out of Galilee, where the Jew and foreigner mingled.

Now Jesus was a carpenter. His work was not confined to the building of houses, for the houses were made of stone. He sought work in making furniture; undoubtedly he built wagons; undoubtedly he knew how to make or repair a yoke. Is it unreasonable to suppose that he found employment, in part at least, in ministering to the necessities of the men who traveled along this great caravan route? Thus he would be brought in contact with all classes and conditions of men; he would come to see that men were, after all, very much alike—that the Gentile was like the Jew. If you tickled him he laughed, if you hurt him he cried, and if you cut him he bled, and his blood looked for all the world like the blood of a Jew. He came to see, perhaps, that all noble thinking in the world was not Jewish thinking, and all sympathy and love were not confined to Jewish lives. Thus he came to understand that God had other sheep than those enclosed in the Jewish fold, that God is our Father, and that the "our" included Gentiles as well as Jews, and that even a Samaritan might have more love in him than a son of Abraham.

So the lad grew to manhood, dreaming a boy's dreams, loving, hoping, fearing, and trying to find an answer in his own heart to the questions of life, duty and destiny that will demand an answer. When old enough he worked with his hands, and was brought by

his toil into contact with the great, throbbing life of the world, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow. Thus passed thirty years.

Then there came word that a young man called John the Baptist was creating a mighty stir in the southern part of the land, preaching repentance and proclaiming that the kingdom of God was at hand. Great multitudes went out from Jerusalem and all Judea to the place where he stood on the edge of the wilderness, crying, "Repent ye! Repent ye!" and were baptized by him in the Jordan, repenting their sins. And when the news came to Nazareth, Jesus would go and hear the new reformer. So, with companions no doubt, he tramped over the sixty miles or more and came to hear John preach. The two men looked into each other's faces and knew each other for kindred souls. Tradition says that John was Jesus' cousin. Nay, but he was more. He was his brother. A great man knows another man's greatness. Jesus knew John; John knew Jesus.

So Jesus went down into the water with John and was baptized of him and consecrated himself, his life, his soul, his all, to the service of God and the building of God's kingdom.

But the preaching of John was very severe. He laid the lash of his mighty denunciation upon the backs of the Scribes and Pharisees and hypocrites with a severity almost as great as that which Jesus afterward used. And his severity met with the result that ought to have been expected. One of the men in power, whose sins he had so openly denounced, seized him, cast him into prison, finally cut off his head, and his work was left incomplete, his word with no one to proclaim it. Then it was that Jesus took up the cry that John could no longer utter, and began to say: "Repent! Repent! For the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

At first I think his ideas were not definitely formed. If one had asked him what was his meaning or what his mission, very likely he could not have given a satisfactory answer. But the best way to learn what you yourself think is by trying to tell some one else. If you would master a subject, undertake to teach it. Soon he began to ask himself what he really meant by this kingdom of God that he was proclaiming. His fellow countrymen were looking for the external appearance of the kingdom of God. A mighty ruler was to arise like David of old, he would sit on the throne of David, rule with equity, cast out the invaders, restore the Jewish state and usher in the reign of happiness. But could such a thing happen? Was it reasonable or possible to expect this to happen? Could God Himself organize into an ideal state people whose hearts were filled with hate and greed and lust and lies? And when he asked that question he saw that the foundation of God's kingdom was not in a throne but in the heart. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation, neither shall they say, Lo here, or Lo there, for the kingdom of God is within you." And he began to reorganize his thinking and teaching along that line. The kingdom of God must first come within the human heart. To gain admission to this kingdom, one must first be pure, then peaceable, then loving. Given a group of people pure of heart and life, loving and sympathetic and kind, hating strife, cherishing peace, and you can build a kingdom of God. That was Jesus' great idea, the idea round which all his other teachings turn. He called about him a handful of men and expounded to them his great thought, the meaning of the kingdom of God, who were its citizens, what should be its laws, and how the members should conduct themselves toward each other and toward the world. You may read it all in the Sermon on the Mount. Then some one came to him and asked: "What about the Messiah, the king that shall come? What place has he in this new thought of the kingdom of God? Where is the king? Are you that king?" And he thought that over. What sort of king must this Messiah be who is to rule the new kingdom of God? And as he thought, he saw that the scepter of this king must be love, his crown must be sympathy, his law must be simple justice and equity, his throne must be in the hearts of those who loved him. And when he was asked that question again: "Art thou he that should come? Art thou the king?" he said: "I am the king. My kingdom is not of this world. My kingdom is in the hearts of those who love me and see the great truth for which I am ready to live and die. I am the king." When he said that, people began to laugh and sneer and hate. "King forsooth, in the garb of a carpenter! A king with hands calloused with hard work! A king, the son of a peasant!"

But how kingly he was! How the kingliness of the man's character shines out in the little stories that are preserved concerning him. I see him as he sits in the group of mothers and lets the little children climb over him, peering into his face, plucking at his beard, and when the disciples, careful for his dignity, would have sent them away, saying: "Forbid them not. Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And I say to myself, "That is an act worthy of a king." I see him as he walks along the way and the lepers, hideous, loathsome creatures, who ordinarily were driven away with stones, come crying for help; I see him touch their sores and soothe away their awful diseases. I care not how it was done. It may have been a miracle or not. He somehow helped those who most needed help, and the poorer, the sicker, the more loathsome and friendless a man or woman was, the more his heart went out to them. And I say to myself, "That is the way a king should act." I see him again coming in contact with the sleek, rich, well-fed, self-righteous people of his day, dealing with them at first gently, as was his wont, until he found that gentleness had no effect upon such as these and then with splendid wrath lashing them with words of denunciation. "Woe unto you, scribes and pharisees, hypocrites, beautiful without and within full of dead men's bones and all uncleanliness. You compass heaven and earth to win one convert to your religion and disgrace your religion by making it a means for the robbing of widow or fatherless." I see him as he stands in the temple of God, consecrated to worship, and, beholding it transformed into a place for the traffic in birds and beasts and the changing of money, he stoops down and gathering rushes makes them into a whip-lash, and then, swinging it round his head, lashes these hucksters all forth into the streets, overturning their tables and spilling their paltry gold and silver, crying, "Ye have

made the Father's house a den of thieves." And I cry, "That is as a king should act."

And then we follow him through the latter part of his life as the storm clouds begin to gather about him. He set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem. His mother wept and begged that he would not go. I think I can hear him say: "I am a Jew. I have spoken only the truth. I stand upon my right as a Jew to speak my honest thought, and I will utter it in the temple itself at the great festival." And when, in going up thither, the disciples wondered and were afraid, knowing what would come, nevertheless he set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem. And when the disciples cautioned him he replied: "They will kill me, you say? Well, they may kill the body, they can not kill the soul. I shall live." And he set his face steadfastly to go to Jerusalem, and there spoke his thought publicly and taught his doctrine of the kingdom within the very gates of the temple, knowing from the frowning looks and the whispered conversation that every moment the net of his enemies was drawing closer about him. But he was not afraid. And I say, "A king should know no fear."

Then we see him in that last sad evening meal with his friends about him, breaking the bread, blessing the cup as his ancestors had done for centuries before, and then saying to his disciples: "Friends, we have loved each other. The end is close at hand. Don't forget me. Don't forget me." And we say, "The man who reigns by love knows how to value the love of his friends."

Then you know how kingly he was when, in the midst of the garden, whither he had gone to pray, the rabble of men sent forth by the priests came to arrest him. "Why should you come to take me with clubs and staves as if I were a dog?" he said. "You might have taken me yesterday or to-morrow in the temple itself. I have not run away. But lead on." And from that time on he assumed a splendid, kingly silence. He knew what was coming—the awful, hideous, disgraceful event that was close at hand. His whole sensitive nature revolted against it. The very thought of it, the shame, the disgrace of it, the awful physical agony, had made him sweat, as it were, great drops of blood. But the end was coming. So when they scoffed at him, he was silent; and when they scourged him, he said nothing; and when they plaited a crown of thorns and placed it on his head, and put upon him a crimson robe and bowed in mock humility and cried, "Hail, king!" he was silent. And when, all smeared with blood and weak with suffering, he was asked for the last time, "Art thou a king?" he replied, "Thou hast said it. I am a king." And I do not wonder that millions of men and women have gone down on their knees before that picture and cried, "Thou art our king!" I am impelled to join that kneeling throng.

I will not describe in detail the awful end of that kingly life, how they drove a spike through each hand and one through his feet, and on the cruel cross of agony raised him to die, and how in the midst of it he did not forget his mother, but made provision for her in the home of his friend, and how he could pray at the moment of his deepest shame for the men who had caused it: "Father, forgive them. They know not what they do."

Friends, there is something in this story that thrills as no other story can. There are many men whose memories we admire and love. We love the memory of Lincoln and John Brown and Whittier and Phillips and Washington. But there is a power in the simple story of Jesus that can not be found in stories of these other men, great and heroic though they were. God has many sons. But is it too great an honor for this man to call him pre-eminently the Son of God? Pure of heart, and manly of character, sympathetic and yet strong, peaceful and yet capable of a mighty indignation against hypocrisy and tyranny, sensitive and yet serene—a man among men, one whom the very publicans and harlots of the street found it easy to reach and to talk with. And yet a kingly man, self confident, self poised, with a mighty faith in God and in the power of the truth to win the day, even though its enemies might silence the voice that uttered it. Such is the man to whom we pay the tribute of our admiration and our love.

Jonah, a Book for the Study of Fundamentalists

LeGrand Powers

THE foundations on which modern civilization rests are certain truths which may properly be called fundamental. They are truths which have won out, or are now winning out, in the long travail of our race. These truths are at the bottom of every great achievement of human endeavor, whether religious, educational or political. They are also the bases on which forward-looking men and women are striving to erect a nobler and more beneficent human civilization than any which has thus far been attained. They are all revelations of that Infinite and Eternal Love out of whose development in human life all truth and beauty and service find expression. The men, women and children of this generation are blessed by the human institutions which have been erected upon the firm bases of the old foundations referred to. It is, therefore, worth our while to give at least a passing thought to some of the men who in the past gave voice to any of the fundamental truths on which now rests our human civilization, or on which we may strive to erect a nobler and better one. Of these worthies, but few deserve a greater consideration than the unknown writer of the book of Jonah.

This man lived and wrote after the Jews had returned from the captivity in Babylon and the rebuilding of the temple under Ezra, and the Mosaic law had been discovered or written and promulgated by Ezra and Nehemiah. That law was based upon the thought that the God of the Jews was a God of that people alone. His love and good-will did not extend beyond the limits of the Jewish race. Intermarriage with

people of other races or religions was strictly forbidden and efforts were made to limit the intercourse of the Jews with those of other lineage. The book of Jonah was thus written when the Jewish state and church and the Jewish national and religious life were dominated by these narrow and intolerant ideals of their national life. It was a time and place when and where the lawgiver and the priest alike taught that obligations of right, justice and love with goodwill were limited to those of their own race and religion. It was permitted, yea even commanded, to rob and steal from all others and to be untruthful and treacherous towards them. The book was thus written in Judea somewhere between 450 and 425 B. C. It was and is a prose poem purporting to give details about the life of the prophet Jonah who lived about four hundred years before the writer, but all of whose prophecies, with one exception, have been lost.

As compared with Ezra, Nehemial and most of their contemporaries, the writer of the book of Jonah had come to believe and wrote to teach others to believe that

"There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea.

. . . . . .

"For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind."

This writer grasped and proclaimed the truths that the love of Israel's God extended to all mankind, heathen as well as Jew, sinner as much as saint, and that the will or wish of that God could not be evaded by any child of man, be he prophet or other.

Here are two fundamental truths which form a part of the foundation not alone of all true religious concepts, but are bases on which national institutions must rest if they are to endure. These great truths are embodied in the form of a story such as we of this generation most commonly speak of as a "novel." It was, like our modern novels, a work of the imagination. Like Nicholas Nickleby and Uncle Tom's Cabin it was written to move men's thoughts and change their acts and institutions. It involved a plot and aimed to present a picture, not of the life of Jonah so much as of the love and irresistible power of the God of Israel. It was a novel, in the truest sense of that word. It was the proclamation of something new in the thoughts and ideals of man, and yet was an expression of truths as old as the Eternal.

The method of the story is dramatic. Its characters were God and Jonah, a shipful of sailors on the sea, a storm of heaven, the waves and a great fish of the vast deep, the sinful people of the great city of Nineveh moved to repentance by the voice and words of the prophet, a plant which grew to a mighty tree in a single day and was destroyed by a single worm the succeeding night.

As a bit of history, the story is impossible, and to one familiar with the great facts of modern science is utterly senseless. None the less, as a prose poem setting forth the love of the Eternal for Jew and heathen, for saint and sinner, and proclaiming that neither prophet nor other child of man can escape doing the things or playing the part assigned him of God, the story is rich in meaning. No other book in the Old Testament deals with such fundamental truths of human life and destiny. No other book reveals more of the character of the far-flung divine energy out of whose development in human life truth and beauty and helpful service find expression.

This old dramatic story, this prose poem, was not only written in the Hebrew language and has to be translated into English to be understood or read by our people, it was expressed in the imagery through which the ancient thought found expression. The modern reader, if he is to enter into the spirit of the old drama, must translate the old imagery into its equivalent in modern life and thought. Modern authentic history affords many illustrations of the impossibility of man defying God's will more striking than the case of Jonah. The old story marks merely the beginning of man's comprehension of that fact. To see that is to translate the old imagery into a modern one. In the old tale of Jonah preserved in a storm and carried to safety by a fish, the ancient tried to picture the loving care of God for His children and the certainty of His providence. Translating the old Hebrew words into English and translating the old, imperfect, and inadequate imagery of God's love, God's Providence, into the imagery of Jesus, of God as a Father, and the imagery of science, of the universe pervaded with law, the old dramatic story of Jonah becomes one of the first, if not the first statement in words of the divine fundamental truth of God's love for all which was old when the morning stars first sang together and which will survive when the earth shall cease to revolve about the sun.

Dr. Pritchett of the Carnegie Foundation in his article in the January *Scribner* has well said: "In the upheaval of our world-wide confusion of to-day we are passing through a revival of fundamentalism and, as in the older days, the fundamentalists sometimes mistake things that are unimportant for those things that are essential." No better illustration of this statement can be furnished than by the attitude of the majority of those calling themselves fundamentalists towards the old dramatic prose-poem of Jonah. They read it as history. To them every word of the King James Version is infallibly correct and all statements are unquestionable as scientific facts, impossible as they are from the standpoint of modern science. Nearly all of these so-called fundamentalists are Christians. They may well afford to learn a lesson from the Jews who read this book of Jonah as the lesson for the great day of atonement. They then read it as a sublime declaration of the oneness of the human race, the love of God for all and the duty of man for love and service to all his fellows. The Jew grasps the fundamentals of the old drama poem story, and finds in it the inspiration for a noble and lofty faith and for helpful living. When shall the Christians, who find it fundamental to hold and teach that the man Jonah lived three days in the whale, learn with the Jew that the only fundamental things about the old story are the truths of God's all-embracing love and the certainty that God's will must prevail in time and in eternity?

Attempts at Interpretation

V Washington and the American Faith

Frederic Williams Perkins

THE Washington Arch in New York carries this inscription carved on its surface: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest may repair; the event is in the hand of God."

It was at the opening of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 that Washington uttered those impressive words. The states were drifting into anarchy. The confederacy was threatened with dissolution. Independence had been achieved, but order and stability seemed to have been lost. Something must be done or freedom would die of internal weakness. What should it be? Many were the counsels of timidity. Few dared propose the heroic remedies that all felt were required. Then it was that Washington, with the same quick decision that led to the dramatic strokes at Trenton and Yorktown, rose in his place and spoke the word for the hour. "It is too probable," he said, "that no plan we propose will be adopted. Perhaps another dreadful conflict is to be sustained. If, to please the people, we offer what we ourselves disapprove, how can we afterward defend our work? Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest may repair; the event is in the hand of God."

That statement of Washington reveals the heart of the American faith. It implies that America relies for its very life on the reality and dependableness of fundamental spiritual forces. Because the event is in the hand of God, Americans can hope to succeed if they trust God by trusting the best in their fellow men. That is the American religion.

What do we mean by trusting our fellow men? It does not mean blind following of every multitudinous clamor. It does not mean that the majority is always right. It means that the majority can be made to choose the right if men dare to keep it before them and believe that in their hearts they really want it. Democracy has often lifted up the slogan: "The voice of the people is the voice of God." Not necessarily. The voice of the people is the voice of God only when it is the voice of a people honestly listening for the voice of God and conscientiously willing to heed it. Otherwise it is merely the cry of the particular form of selfishness that is able to command the most votes. Given a common desire to find the right and do it, at whatever personal cost, then majority opinion is the surest method of deciding what is right, of detecting the voice of God in the midst of many clamorous worldly voices. But in the absence of such a common desire majority rule is simply the tyranny of numbers. The autocracy of the crowd is no more democratic than the autocracy of a king or a priest or a captain of industry or a labor leader. It is simply a transfer from a tyranny that has grown irksome to a rule whose tyrannies are yet to appear.

It is no small adventure on which we Americans have set out—to establish democracy, free from the support of a privileged class. It involves a stupendous faith in the latent capability and willingness of the average man to recognize and follow the best.

We have never yet realized our ideal of a truly democratic society. We have always recognized, in custom if not in law, a ruling class—whether the monarch on his throne, the noble in his palace, the priest in his sanctuary, the capitalist in his office, or the triumvirate of parson, squire and doctor in the rural village. To-day it is more apt to be the labor union or the soviet. We have been overthrowing autocracies, ancient and modern. To the king and priest we have said, "Abdicate!" To the autocrat of corporate wealth we are saying, "Abdicate!" To the labor autocrat we are about to say, "Abdicate!" And to the proletarian autocracy we shall, please God, say "Abdicate before you begin!"

What is left? Just democracy—what we have only half believed in, what we have never fully tried, and what is about to meet its crucial test. Stripped of all dependence on a ruling class, it must stand or fall by the power of its inward spirit to breed and follow men of genuinely democratic faith. The law of democracy is this—that mankind is a divine brotherhood, in which justice is the scepter, love the only title to nobility, and he who would be chief must serve. That is the soul of America. To that quest our Revolutionary fathers committed us when they set out on their great spiritual adventure. From it their sons can not, except they forfeit their birthright, turn back. We have heard much of America's duty to make the world safe for democracy. Let us not forget America's other responsibility, to make democracy safe for the world.

It is as a mighty spiritual adventurer that Washington stands out as the commanding figure in the creative period of the American republic. Many other things he was, but supremely that. Cautious, prudent, careful weigher of expediencies though he was, unless Washington had had the fiery spirit of the adventurer, he never would have accepted the call to lead what has been termed "almost the most hair-brained enterprise in history," with no organized government to support him and only faith in a cause and a people to sustain him. It is this spirit of which we are heirs. Only as we approach the momentous problems of our own day of crisis in a like venturesomeness of spirit can we rightly call Washington our father and guide.

What, for example, is Washington's contribution to the outstanding American problem to-day—the problem of so organizing the nations as to invite peace rather than war?

It is not necessary now to discuss the question of the League of Nations or of the International Court of Justice. Americans of equal patriotism, of equal loyalty to American traditions and ideals, can honestly differ as to those methods of reaching desirable ends. One may, however, unhesitatingly assert that we are not true to Washington and our

Revolutionary ancestors when we invoke their honored names to justify our own timidity of action, when we fail to exhibit in our day the same initiative, the same loyalty to present duty, the same faith in the future, that they exhibited in theirs.

Naturally we are thinking of the "Farewell Address," a document which, it has been said, "belongs to the few supreme utterances on human government." It is the epitome of the American gospel. How are we to use it—as Washington's sons or his slaves? Are we to make no discrimination between its counsels of universal and timeless pertinence and the admonitions which, universal in spirit, are addressed to the particular perils of the time in which it was uttered?

The latest biography of Washington, as it is one of the most illuminating, by William Roscoe Thayer, whose stalwart Americanism glows in its pages, has a pertinent word in this connection. Speaking of the question whether our participation in the World War was a departure from Washington's warning against participation in European affairs, he says: "To understand in 1914 what he said in 1796, we must be historical . . . Washington was almost, if not quite, the most actual of modern statesmen. All his arrangements at a given moment were directed at the needs and likelihood of the moment, and in 1914 he would have planned as 1914 demanded. He would have steered his ship by the wind that blew then and not by the wind that had blown and vanished 120 years before."

That is a wholesome reminder. Only that sort of discipleship of Washington accords with his character and our heritage as free Americans. Loyalty to Washington does not require that we turn back the clock to Washington's day, but that we project his guiding spirit into the problems of our day.

Washington stated in 1796: "Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation." Is that true to-day? Are we forsaking Washington's leadership when, in these days of closely interwoven interests, we take part in conferences or associations for stabilizing economic conditions, protecting oppressed racial minorities, establishing courts of international justice, and providing for co-operation in the ways of peace rather than competition in the ways of war?

I am not d scussing now the wisdom of particular forms of international co-operation. I am only suggesting that we are free to consider them on their merits, and that the hallowed name of Washington may not be invoked to deprive us of that freedom. That were to transform Washington from a liberator to a jail-keeper. Of one thing we may be sure. Washington would never have led a great revolution and founded a new nation if he had been the idolator of his past that some would make us be of him. Washington, like his colleagues, was a man of faith, of forward-looking courage, a mighty spiritual adventurer into whatever future present duty commanded him to enter. To be his spiritual sons we must be the same.

I do not know what Washington would think about the League of Nations if he were living to-day. Some self-appointed trustees of his thoughts presume to know, but I do not. But, in all humility, I venture to believe that his spirit says to the America of to-day, strong, conscious of mission, eager to serve: "I nurtured you in isolation in your day of infancy. I protected you from becoming, either through your affections or your antipathies, appendages to the warring nations of Europe. I taught you to think and act as Americans, cringing before none, friends to all who would show themselves friendly. The event has vindicated my tutelage. Now have faith in America, wherever it bids you go—on the battlefield, in the council-chamber, in the fellowship of all like-minded who seek to establish freedom, justice and co-operation among the nations. You have no place in any alliance for collective greed; your place is the central place in the fellowship of organized international good-will. Act in your day of adventure as I dared to act in mine. The soul of America bids you go."

Cruising Around These United States

XIII Burning a Mortgage in Scranton

John van Schaick, Jr.

A DISTINGUISHED educator of Washington went to Scranton to address a woman's club and failed to commend himself to his hostesses by mentioning how inaccessible Scranton was—how hard to get there. One might have countered by asking him "from where," but his hostesses were too well bred for that.

In fact, Scranton is three and one-half hours from New York by the Lackawanna Limited. It has three or four railroads to my personal knowledge without looking the matter up, and one of them is the Lackawanna, for which people soon contract a warm admiration when they make its acquaintance. Scranton has sleepers of its own "ready in the yard at 9.30 p. m.," for both New York and Philadelphia, and all the sleepers of Wilkesbarre on other trunk lines available a few miles away by fast trolley.

No, Scranton isn't very far back in the bushes. And when you get there it is a well set up little city of 150,000 people, a subterranean city of streets and avenues of coal underneath and a tributary population so great that they can make a Greater Scranton of 450,000 when they feel like it.

I took the 10.20 a. m. Lackawanna train yesterday from Hoboken, crossed the Pokono Mountains and rolled into Scranton at 1.50 p. m.

The snow of Boston was rain in New York and sleet on the mountains, and the trees, bushes, fences, telegraph lines and roads were covered with ice. The sun did not come out to make the fairyland which young writers with poetic tendencies love to dilate upon, but it was beautiful enough to furnish abundance of satisfying food for the soul, especially when we had climbed among the pines and hemlocks of the upper levels and the mist came down with filmy garments for some old crag or tree. The Pocono Hills,

or mountains, are a godsend to New York, Philadelphia and Scranton. With the motor one can get into them in no time. And the Delaware breaking through at "the Gap" makes one of the best bits of scenery in the eastern part of the United States.

I managed to get up a considerable degree of enthusiasm for Scranton and our little church there before I went to bed in the New York sleeper last night, and all without artificial stimulation of any kind.

It seemed a little preposterous to travel several hundred miles just to watch the incineration of a mortgage, but I had promised in an expansive moment and I had to make good. What had seemed like grim duty turned into genuine pleasure in spite of extra railroading, sleepers and all.

In the first place, Dr. Wm. H. McGlauflin met me and took me around the city in his car. In the second place I called on old Red Cross friends. In the third place I visited again that curiously fascinating institution the International Correspondence School with its inspiring young head. We reached this institution just as the wheels all stopped, the telephones were all disconnected, the clerks all dropped their work, to pay silent tribute to Woodrow Wilson, above whose silent form at that moment men were reading the great passages of Scripture which fed his soul and gave strength to his life.

It seemed natural and right to pass from those moments of silence into busy rooms where experts were helping girls in China to be milliners and boys in South Africa to be everything from expert accountants to scientific farmers. It seemed appropriate to pay my own tribute of respect and devotion to Woodrow Wilson on the day of his funeral, in a beautiful building, housing an institution, after dividends frankly, but which, after all, has a social vision and connections with aspiring boys and girls in all quarters of the globe. For Woodrow Wilson loved his own country so much that he wanted her cherished liberties and opportunities extended to men everywhere.

We speedily came back to the opportunities of our own land. Passing a corner site where apparently a man had dug a foundation and had not been able to build, Dr McGlauflin explained that within a foot or two of the surface this man struck coal of such high grade that he took out $25,000 worth from a lot for which he paid $5,000 and still had his lot left. It seems that this man legally could go down as far as a certain rock strata but not beyond, for then he would "enter the mines." His neighbor across the street, seeing his good luck, attempted to do likewise and lost $25,000 besides damaging his lot.

Dr. McGlauflin further explained that the explosions heard now and then through the day in his home were in the mines under his house. Verily we little realize the infinite variety of life on this planet of ours and in this country of ours.

The Universalists of Scranton own a home for their minister, bought when Dr. and Mrs. McGlauflin went there seven and one-half years ago, which would be a credit to any of our parishes—large, light rooms well arranged, porches which do not seem to darken things, millions of acres of sky in sight without stretching the neck, and lovely views here and there of the hills which are the chief glory of Scranton from a scenic standpoint. And tea by the open fire with books, paintings, music, all about made one wonder if this were "the crude, black, sooty coal country" or Beacon Hill.

Up there "in the grime and dirt of things," which aforesaid grime and dirt didn't seem to be functioning, they raised an architect of their own who built a church for the Universalists called the John Raymond Memorial Church. He didn't make it big, they can't crowd more than 350 or 400 into it upstairs, but he made it beautiful and churchly.

In the basement there was plenty of room for seventy-five of us to sit down to a delicious church dinner. The inevitable church dinner "chopped-up meat," "loaf," "glorified hash," preparation was well cooked and delicious, the gravy was hot, the mashed potatoes prepared by some one who knew how, the raw cabbage unusually inoffensive, the ice cream better than we get in Washington unless at Rauscher's or Demonet's, and the coffee hot, clear, strong and fragrant. I thoroughly enjoyed the dinner. The annual parish meeting which followed was full of surprises. Now this is a little parish. It has only ninety families, and 144 members. Its income last year, exclusive of auxiliary organizations, was only $8,500. But it sent off to out of town philanthropies $1,262. It paid, as it has all through the present pastorate, every national and state quota. It contributed more for the big drive than asked for, and altogether seemed entitled to felicitate itself.

The big event of the meeting was the report of George B. Jermyn, treasurer. Mr. Jermyn is a man of large affairs—in banks, in mines, in mills, in real estate, on all kinds of boards—who takes time not only to go to church, but to collect the income for the church, keep the books, and serve on the board of trustees.

They had an $8,500 debt on the parsonage. Mr. Jermyn gave $5,000, four teams raised $3,500, and this meeting heard a report that everything was paid up and the church absolutely out of debt. The auxiliary societies all came up to the mark with concise, businesslike reports, read so one could hear them.

Then amid great applause they unanimously voted to raise the pastor's salary $500 a year. It came out that, while they don't have any donation parties, Mr. Jermyn sends the pastor all the wood he can burn in his fireplace, another trustees pays his dues on the Board of Trade, and a little group gave him a $100 purse when Mrs. McGlauflin had to go to the hospital for an operation a month ago.

A fine old gentleman whom everybody seemed to sympathize with, tried to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery by bringing up ancient church history and developing the story of his own wrongs in South Africa, but the meeting extricated itself and went upstairs for a stereopticon lecture, where the pastor told the story in pictures of the various men and women who ran the committees which raised the funds which paid the mortgage which was on the parsonage which belonged to the church the saints built.

Then in the darkness Mr. Jermyn stepped forward and, holding the mortgage in his wife's pet tongs,

over a beautiful brass bowl, made a conflagration which threw weird shadows on the walls and brought the congregation up cheering. The Doxology was sung and everybody seemed genuinely happy.

It was a great parish meeting. One of the best things about it was the comradeship. The giver of $1 was made to feel at home with the man who gave $5,000. There was no big stick in evidence and I was told that "never was there a church more free from the disposition on the one side to boss and on the other side to knuckle down." It was a happy, friendly Universalist family.

When I drove up to the high hill after the meeting to the great mansion of twenty-five rooms where lives the man who gave the $5,000, the man who is also president of the Universalist State Convention, I saw how these things could be, for he is a real man.

Perhaps I felt unusually responsive, for, by one of those strange little touches which show us how we all belong to one family, I found hanging on the walls of the great house the photograph of a dearly beloved young aunt of my own, who was one of the bridesmaids at Mr. Jermyn's wedding, and who died twenty years ago with her first baby.

Dr. McGlauflin in Scranton has been an officer of the Pastor's Federation, the Unity Club and other organizations. Mrs. McGlauflin has been president of various women's clubs, Colonial Dames, Association of New England Women, and now is regent of the D. A. R.

The church stands well in the community. By use of the Rose and Potterton pictures and lectures on modern books, Dr. McGlauflin is packing the church Sunday nights, and at these meetings "the Universalist literature table is often stripped bare." Dr. McGlauflin has received 115 members into the church, so he told me, in seven and one-half years.

My host at the big house was one.

So went another day. So, with meetings and partings, vivid impressions, new ideas, sad and happy memories, hours of toil and hours of blessed rest, we came out at last to the broad porch of the Jermyn house, where through the great pillars one could see the twinkling lights of all Scranton and miles of country beyond. Just one little corner of God's earth, one felt—a deal of misery there doubtless, and of wrong, of clashing interests, of seething unrest, but there is a deal of real work for human good beside.

Perhaps the little church is set in the midst of it all to make men know somehow or other that all of us belong to the same good God and to one another.

New York City, Feb. 7, 1924.

Impressions of Italy

Winfred Ernest Garrison

THERE is a strong temptation for a traveler who has spent a few weeks in a foreign country to consider himself competent to tell all about it. First impressions are so vivid that it is easy to generalize them into sweeping and dogmatic characterizations. The natural human desire of one who knows a very little to seem wise in the eyes of those who know even less tempts one to spread a banquet of knowledge with the few crumbs of information which he has recently picked up. It is nothing less than pathetic to see a foreigner, who can not find his way to the post office without a guide or conduct the necessary negotiations for the purchase of half a dozen post-cards without having recourse to the sign-language, suddenly assume the air of an oracle and attempt to interpret the mind of a nation the moment he begins to write for the papers back home.

I can not hope to be able wholly to avoid this absurdity in the few papers which I shall write giving impressions of Italy and certain other European countries, but I shall at least minimize it, both by avoiding generalizations so far as possible and by confessing to the reader at the start the random and inadequate character of these observations and the complete lack of finality in any opinions which may be expressed. The day after I arrived in Rome an English acquaintance said that Rome was a delightful place except that it was a den of thieves. The next day I had my pocket picked and the following day some goods were stolen from my hotel room. But in spite of this apparent confirmation of my friend's criticism, I am far from sharing his general opinion. It is also true that the only swans I have seen in Italy are the black ones in the little lake in the Villa Borghese, but it would be reckless to assert upon this slender basis of observation that all swans in Italy are black. Among the traveler's daily petitions there ought to be a special collect for deliverance from hasty and ill-founded generalizations, especially unfavorable ones.

And yet one can not help forming opinions as one goes along. I have been in Italy a month, have traveled from Naples to Sicily and back to Rome, have diligently and regularly read the Italian papers, especially those of Rome, Naples and Palermo, have talked with many Italians and a few foreign residents, and from the resulting impressions and testimonies certain opinions have begun to emerge, all of which are subject to subsequent correction. Some of these are as follows: that Italy is not suffering very seriously in its economic life from the results of the war; that business is good and that the people, in the cities at least, are in a fairly hopeful and contented mood; that Mussolini is at present the master of Italy and that he is about as prominent in the press and in the popular mind as Roosevelt was in his palmiest days; that there are all sorts of opinions among the Italian people as to the present justification and permanent worth of his dictatorial policy; that the national consciousness has been greatly intensified and that militarism is much more in evidence than formerly; that the popular prestige of the Catholic Church has been increased by the attitude of the Fascisti party, which considers it a valuable asset for the strengthening of the nationalistic spirit; that there is, if not more religion, at least more interest in religious questions than before the war.

Perhaps this is rather a formidable list of opinions

to follow immediately after a warning against premature generalization, but if the opinions are remembered, I trust that their tentative character will not be forgotten, and there may hereafter follow some of the details of observation upon which they are based and perhaps some others by which they may be corrected.

A further fact, which is not without its larger significance, is that there is certainly less disposition than formerly to consider the traveler as fair game for all sorts of petty extortions. Time was, as I know very well from former experiences, when one who did not want to be overcharged at a hotel must needs make a very careful bargain in advance, and then scrutinize his bill to see that it was in harmony with the contract, and then either tip the servants too much or leave with the impression that he had tipped them too little. All that is changed. At my first hotel in Naples, which I believe used to have rather an excessively bad reputation for that sort of thing, I bargained as cautiously as of yore. Then I found in my room a placard stating the exact price of the room and all the additional charges which went with it, namely, a certain number of *lire* for heat, ten per cent for service, and four per cent for the government tax. All over the place there were signs in four languages to the effect that tipping had been abolished. The ten per cent service charge takes its place. Then I was prepared to anticipate that the servants, who had been brought up on the old tipping system which made their income dependent upon the satisfaction of the patron, would be less attentive under a system which left them nothing either to hope or to fear from the patron's state of mind. But not so. Not once has there been the slightest lack of courtesy or attention. The servants evidently like the new system, and it works well. This means a good deal for the peace of mind of the traveler and, what is more significant, it seems to indicate a new and improved business morality in this important national industry. It may be added that the Italians have gone beyond us in this matter, for the same system is applied also in restaurants and on sleeping-cars and dining-cars.

Americans have growled a good deal about the nuisance of tipping in Europe, but it has always seemed to me that the real objection to the system was not that it was an annoyance to the person who gave the tips, but that it was an injustice to the one who received them to make his pay for honest service depend upon the momentary whim of the giver. For a waiter or a porter or a chambermaid to do honest work and then rely for his compensation upon what is erroneously called a "gratuity," is an absurdity and an abomination. There is an old story of a freshly arrived American at a hotel called The Palms, who complained to a fellow-traveler that he did not see any palms. "Never mind," was the answer, "you will see nothing but palms when you leave." In that sense I have literally not seen a palm at a hotel in Italy, none anywhere, I think, except a few beggars.

And there are not very many beggars. Now and then a cripple at a church door, or a woman with a baby under a shawl, but very few. Yesterday morning at the entrance of the Vatican Museum I passed a legless man with a smiling countenance. Being in a mood of reckless generosity, since I had just received a card of free admission to all national museums in Italy (not good, however, at the Vatican), I gave him twenty *centesimi* (one cent), for which he beamed upon me with radiant gratitude, and when I came out three hours later he recognized his benefactor and waved and called to me, not asking for more but wishing me a pleasant day. I felt ashamed to have purchased so much good will for so small a coin. I shall see him again, of course, for one has to go often to the Vatican Museum and you can no more get by that man than you can get by the ticket-taker, and I think I shall take him a dozen lead pencils with the suggestion that he start in business. But first I must find whether he will be allowed to sell them without a license. But, as I was saying, beggars are very little in evidence in any of the half-dozen cities which I have visited.

Of course there are juvenile beggars here and there, generally good-natured and of no great importunity. They do not even pretend to any particular distress, and ask for money—generally specifying "*dieci centesimi*" (half a cent)—merely because they want it and assume that the stranger has it to spare. They are but the innocent inheritors of an old tradition. As usual, old traditions linger longest in out-of-the-way places, and these merry mendicants are seldom seen where there is much traffic.

We ran into them in full force one evening in a village thirty or forty miles from Naples. We had missed the steamer from the island of Capri back to Naples and had chartered a small sailboat to bring us across to Sorrento. The wind freshened and the sea came up with that startling suddenness which I understand is characteristic of this part of the Mediterranean. Our four sailors, who seemed to me to handle their queer-rigged craft very skilfully and who half an hour earlier had been singing us Italian songs of the sea and chattering gaily about their work and themselves, said that it would be too risky to try to reach Sorrento. So we let them put us ashore at a tiny village near the point of the promontory, at a place which could only be called a harbor by courtesy and imagination and some violence to truth. It was deep dusk, but the population saw us coming, and some of the men and all of the children came down to help us make a landing. After they had pulled us ashore—which was really not necessary, for our sailors handled the rather ticklish situation with great skill—and after we had sent one of the larger boys on the run to the next town for a carriage, they settled upon us like crows on a corn-field. Nay, more. They pounced upon us like wild beasts upon early Christian martyrs in the arena, the larger ones demanding recompense for their services, which we were given to understand had been the fortunate means of saving our lives, and the smaller ones clamoring for coin on general principles. But after we had done what seemed to be the right thing all around, and after we had bestowed special alms upon a very small boy who was presented to us with the recommendation that he had "*ni mama ni papa*," and after all the others under voting age had instantly begun to shriek that they too were completely orphaned, and after we had rewarded the three boys each of whom claimed to be the only one who had gone for the carriage—after all that we were scarcely

more than half a dollar poorer, and we had had far more than that much fun out of it. This was an exceptional incident in an exceptional place. It was an interesting experience and, though the little rascals nearly tore my clothes off, they did not for a moment weaken my belief that beggary in Italy has greatly declined and that the people in general are increasingly businesslike in their methods and are kindly and hospitable to strangers.

Lest it should seem that I am a blind and foolish optimist to draw such a deduction from such data, perhaps I should make at least passing allusion at this point to another incident to which I may revert later. In Palermo I found, by dint of much hunting and inquiring of newsboys, fish-venders, and other members of the proletariat, a little marionette theater. These Sicilian marionettes are famous, or used to be. For hundreds of years they have been presenting in this form the stories of the exploits of Charlemagne and his paladins. The cycle lasts an entire year, with a different play every night. This particular theater has been carried on by three generations of one family for nearly a hundred years. There is much that might be said about it, but the point just now is this: They would not let us pay a cent for admission. We were honored guests, just because we were strangers. Tourists, I judge, do not often go there, for the place is hard to find and the guide-books do not tell about it and the professional guides say that such places no longer exist. But there it was. After the performance we talked till nearly midnight with the owner-manager-operator, back on the tiny stage among the puppet knights and Saracens and kings and ladies hung on their hooks. He had the heart of a child and the soul of a great artist. And when at parting I again praised his performance and regretted that it could not be seen by more people, he said with a gush of emotion and with the smile in those black eyes as of a saint who sees the heavens open: "Ah, it is no matter. The true reward in life is the consciousness of having done well." Not bad, that, for a Sicilian who works all day in a wood-shop to earn his living, and operates his marionette theater all evening and every evening because his father and his grandfather before him did it and because the exploits of Orlando and Rinaldo must needs be set forth to the people of Palermo, and who accepts a fee of two and a half cents from native visitors (to pay the rent and the wages of the man who makes and repairs the marionettes) but treats foreign guests, who stumble in unintroduced and speaking very bad Italian, with a courtesy worthy of Charlemagne's noblest paladin.

Deliverance from the Besetting Virtues

Daniel Evans

WE have all prayed for deliverance from our besetting vices. We know what they are from experience, and we observe them in others. They impede us in our journey; they hinder us in our race; they bind us so that we are not free. These vices have a bad effect upon our very natures, spoil our characters, and make it impossible for us to serve others as we might. We confess ourselves miserable sinners, and feel the urgency and legitimacy of the Christian writer who bids us "lay aside every weight and the sin that doth so easily beset us."

Are there also besetting virtues, from which we ourselves should pray, or our friends should add to the litany, "from their besetting virtues, Good Lord deliver them?" The contradiction is apparent, but the fact is that there are men whose virtues do beset them. Of course men are not so beset by their virtues as by their vices, and the effects upon them of the one are not like those of the other; nevertheless men are hindered, impeded, and rendered incapable of doing much good or having much influence by their besetting virtues.

Certainly hard work is a virtue, and laziness a vice, but it is possible for this virtue to beset men. There are persons who work, work, work all the time; they are always busy; they have time for nothing else. They have no leisure for other things, no strength left for other duties, no exuberance for the play or dance of life. Their very virtue of work besets them, makes machines of them, spoils them, and human, social relations with them become impossible.

Or take such a fine virtue as courage. It too besets some men, and they are fearless of the world, the flesh, or the devil. They covet opportunities of danger, suffering, martyrdom. They seek for these, and if they do not find them, they make them. They court trouble and soon win it. If they had lived in the early Christian era, they would have gone to the stake, dungeon or lions. Their very bravery besets them, hinders them and soon throws them upon the scrap heap. It makes the tears come to see such noble, courageous souls come to grief.

Or take the fine virtue of zeal for some good cause, like temperance, or legislation, or education, or religion itself. There are persons whose zeal for these things consumes them, drives them, makes them work, talk, preach, pray, for them all the time, and buttonhole all kinds of persons in all sorts of places in the interest of these causes. Their zeal is splendid but it is carried to such lengths as to beset them, and hinder their cause. Have we not all suffered from such persons and sympathized with Thoreau who once said:

> "If I knew for a certainty that a man was coming to my house with the conscious design of doing me good, I should run for my life as far from that dry and parching wind of the African deserts called the simoon, which fills the mouth and nose and ears and eyes with dust till you are suffocated, for fear I should get some of his good done to me—some of its virus mingled with my blood."

When our virtues beset us in this fashion, they are dangerously near to being vices. Extremes may meet here as elsewhere, and one give rise to another.

How can we be delivered from our besetting virtues? It is almost as difficult as to get rid of our vices. It won't do to throw away our virtues, as we are obliged to do with our vices. The problem is to have

our virtues without their besetting us. How can we manage this? Perhaps the first thing we should do is to take a rest from our special besetting virtues. Take a day, or week, or month off from them. Let the hard worker take a rest, go off on vacation, invite his soul to loaf. Let the courageous man forget he is brave, ignore for a while the special chances for suffering, stop making the necessity for his martyrdom in the pulpit, or parish, or club. Let the man with a burning zeal to do good wait a while until he is sweetly, tolerantly, large-heartedly and sensitively good himself.

Another way of deliverance is to achieve some other virtue. Most of us who are beset by our virtues generally have but one virtue. That's the difficulty. It demands the right of way, and seizes the opportunity to dominate. If we had two or more virtues, no one virtue would have such power over us. It would have to respect the other virtues. A single virtue is like an only child; difficult for all others to get along with. A sure cure for the "only child" is more children, and a sure cure for the besetting virtue is more virtues.

The safest way of deliverance, though the hardest, is to be master of our virtues, whether one, or two, or more. Even our virtues should not be allowed to run away with us; we should be in control of them. They should be the free, unconstrained way we act; they should be the achieved functioning of our natures as an expression of our total personality and in the service of other human beings and the Father of us all.

"Living in Great Days"

SOME twenty years ago, Emmanuel Church, Boston, Dr. Elwood Worcester, the rector, and Dr. Samuel McComb, his assistant, became known everywhere because of mental healing work. They were pioneers among churchmen. They started out with all the prestige of a well-known and rather fashionable Episcopal Church and the backing of leading medical men.

This work has gone on steadily, has developed methods and set standards for other churches, and only last summer received the high compliment of warm endorsement at the hands of a commission of the Church of England which came to this country, traveled extensively and reported that the Emmanuel Church plan was the only one to follow.

Dr. Worcester has recently taken a position of leadership again in the fundamentalist-modernist controversy, backing up the modernist side with a wealth of learning and, what is of equal importance, a spirit of kindness as great as his learning and his frankness.

On Feb. 11, for the second or third time, he was the guest of the Boston Universalist Club, which was honored of course by his coming, but which deserves great credit for going after a man of this caliber.

Dr. Worcester, who is a man sixty years of age, speaks quietly, seriously, confidently, but his serious, worn, and interesting face lights up now and then with a smile as the funny side of things breaks through. He responds to questions much like Arthur J. Balfour, the former British Prime Minister, clearly, completely, and without a superfluous word, in striking contrast with some of the rest of us who take questions as texts for second or third long addresses.

"We are living in great days," said Dr. Worcester. "I believe that the movements of the past few months in religion are only preliminary to other and greater things which are to follow.

"We in the Episcopal Church are in a curious position. We have two groups of men equally sincere. There is the group represented by Bishop Lawrence, Leighton Parks, William Huntington, liberal, thoughtful, studious, spiritual men. There is the other side, equally devoted, equally fine, who cling to the Catholic tradition. The only thing which has kept these two groups together in one Church is the bond of Christian love.

"The real issue before us is made because the world has changed.

"The fundamentalist-modernist movement is the result of the Great War. The results of the war will be felt long after. It marked the end of many of the old beliefs, the old traditions, the old thoughts of the world. It set definite boundaries to one period of human history. It marked the beginning of a new period. That is the issue in a nutshell. It is perfectly natural for men of conservative mind to try to check things, cling to the past, put themselves back on the old basis.

"A bishop of the Episcopal Church went to Washington to help consecrate a new bishop. He preached the sermon and said that there were no fundamentalists in the Episcopal Church. Then he proceeded to make himself the leader of the fundamentalists.

"I repeat that greater things are coming in this new age which we are beginning. What has happened is merely like advancing waves on a great tide coming.

"The only trouble with the Protestant Reformation is that it came too soon. It bequeathed a lot of medieval darkness to us with all of its blessings.

"We have allowed a breach between science and religion to exist too long. It makes a chasm between the intellectual and spiritual sides of the mind. Disassociation in these two highest functions of the mind is crippling.

"The Church of the future will do more than respect science; it will use science.

"Science is absolutely essential in the study of the Scriptures.

"No study is too great to enable us to understand the Scriptures. We must not only be on good terms with all science but master of the science of Biblical literature.

"There are two Bibles, that of the fundamentalist and that of the modernist. That of the fundamentalist nobody understands. The Bible is not only our greatest book, it is our most fascinating book and the charter of all social progress. Those who talk about immediate creation have not the slightest conception of Genesis.

"We should know the critical philosophy associated with the name of Immanuel Kant, especially his insistence that where nothing is offered to our ex-

perience the mind has nothing to work on. That knowledge will save the Church years and centuries of idle discussion about the character of the Godhead, the nature of Christ, the mystery of the Holy Spirit. In these debates one thesis is as easy to prove as the opposite.

"We need to use the science of psychology. It makes us know the soul as a far more real and concrete thing than it has been known to be at any time in the past, and we know it largely through its diseases. In healing work in the church, there is need of conservatism, caution, co-operation with the good physician, insistence on a diagnosis. Of the tens of thousands treated at Emmanuel Church not one has died and not one has committed suicide while under our care.

"We had no idea of the depth of human sorrow and of human need with which we were to come into contact. I would not give up the knowledge of human beings I have gained in our healing work for anything in the world.

"We need to apply science to the question as to whether there is a life after death. This ought to be interesting to you Universalists. You took your rise from views you held about conditions after death. You had greater faith in the mercies of God. To that faith you have converted practically the whole evangelical world. The other side ought to be interesting to you. Not only is it important to consider God's goodness, and the truth that all will come to perfection, but the more fundamental question, is there a life after death? If not, all your doctrines rest on an illusion.

"One hundred years ago scientists held that life could not exist in the profound abysses of the ocean. The evidence seemed complete. No organism could withstand the terrific pressure. It would flatten a man out like a piece of blotting paper. Those depths were in Stygian darkness. So they went on heaping proof on proof. Finally the British Association put the thing to the test. In 1872 they sent out the Challenger. When they pushed down their great dredges a mile or more up they came full of living things—every form of life from microscopic animals to great sea monsters. Death is a greater abyss. We ought to send down our dredges and get the evidence. Without belief in life to come it is not possible to maintain any form of effective religion or idealistic philosophy."

Dr. Worcester is an Ohio man, was educated at Columbia, and took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Leipzig, Germany. For six years he taught psychology and philosophy at Lehigh University. For two years he took the American Episcopal Church at Dresden, Germany, served eight years at St. Stephen's, Philadelphia, and came to Emmanuel Church, Boston, in 1904. He has published "The Religious Opinions of John Locke," "The Book of Genesis in the Light of Modern Knowledge," "Religion and Medicine," "The Living Word," "The Christian Religion as a Healing Power," "Religion and Life," and "The Issues of Life."

The evidence seems to give support to the hypothesis that he has had a busy and therefore a happy life.

The first speaker of the evening was the Rev. Harold W. Haynes of Beverly, who has accepted a call to be the successor of the late Dr. Fisher at Lowell. He stuck to his subject and kept within his time and gave a practical talk on "Church Advertising," illustrating it with specimens of circulars, cards, programs, etc., he has printed himself for use at Beverly.

The dinner was good, the attendance large and the evening a success, except for apparent inability to ventilate the room.

The following comment of a member is caustic but suggestive:

"It is all very well for Universalists to give up the theory of roasting sinners forever in hell, but they ought at the same time to give up the practise of roasting saints and their guests here and now."

The air was something fearful that night. One faithful brother staggered out after the first speech and was revived in the hall, visitors from other jurisdictions unbuttoned their waistcoats and lolled, but the true and tried veterans of many such a bout went through gamely to the bitter end.

We are not against smoking. In fact, we are rather for it as inducing a mild and tranquil disposition, a philosophic calm, a cheerful outlook. But, smoking or no smoking, we are for air.

Convention on Church Advertising

AT Trinity Church, Boston, Tuesday, Feb. 26, the Pilgrim Publicity Association of Boston will hold the first convention on church advertising ever held in New England. Representatives of all churches are invited. There will be an exhibit at 7 p. m. and program from 7.30 to 10 p. m., closing promptly at that hour.

In preparation for this congress and to advertise it the church advertising committee of the Pilgrim Publicity Association gave a luncheon at the Hotel Bellevue, Feb. 12.

Guests from various Protestant churches and Jewish synagogues were present and each was introduced by the host of the table where he sat, and rose so that he could be seen.

Sherman L. Smith, who presided during the address, said that advertising men were giving attention to church advertising, not to make money, for there was no money in it, but to render service to the churches.

The Rev. McIlyar Lichliter, of Newtonville, who has just accepted a call to be the successor of Washington Gladden at Columbus, made the address.

He described the ideals of the advertising clubs of the country. Men in business got tired of the old false advertising. About twenty years ago they organized to set standards, hold advertisers to accuracy and expose and drive out the dishonest advertisers. It has become an international movement and a world congress is to be held in London in July. "Truth in advertising," he said, "has been made a reality." The minister ought to be interested because he is concerned with the enthronement of truth.

In church advertising one kind of man stands on his dignity and says, "Let them come to me." Another, at the opposite extreme, has a feverish passion for publicity, covers his church with hideous banners, uses weird topics and pitches his sermon on a low, sensational level.

The average minister is different. He resents the attitude of the man who comes to him and wants him to follow blindly the methods of the commercial advertiser—call his church a plant, himself a salesman, his services goods—for down in his heart he knows that he has something different. Men do not talk glibly about the deepest things, and he deals with the deepest things. He wants to run the church on a business basis but not to sacrifice everything to the god of efficiency. He himself is more than a salesman. He is a prophet and interpreter of truth. He agrees with the commercial advertiser that what counts above all else is service of the community. He wants to run his church so that men who come to church can find inspiration, food for their souls, courage for the next week. He wants to make his church like that Longfellow described, "lofty as is the love of God and ample as the wants of man."

The essential thing to remember in church advertising is that churches have different constituencies. One is the church of the man of pageants and spectacles—another of the man of books and travel, etc.

Publicity for a church must be determined by the function of the individual church, and must be of such a character that it interprets that church to its own community. No experience of a man with a great corporation will be of value to him in church advertising unless he will study the church he wants to serve and study its local community. When this is admitted, we admit that the business of church advertising must be in the hands of the expert and not the minister.

Among the guests were Dean Washburn of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Dr. Wm. E. Gilroy, editor of the *Congregationalist*, Dr. Albert E. Dieffenbach, editor of the *Christian Register*, Mr. Samuel T. Cushing and pastors of various churches around Boston.

Owen D. Young

Henry B. Taylor

THE sending of Owen D. Young, chairman of the Board of the General Electric Company, president of the American Radio Corporation, trustee of St. Lawrence University, etc., as one of the three American representatives to the conference on German reparations, should be of more than passing interest to his fellow Universalists. Indeed, the personalities of the men who have been sent to represent us in one of the great crises in human history should seem of importance to every one. Nothing less than ability to discern the actual truth in a greatly confused situation plus unusual ability to secure adjustments of very difficult conditions can save Europe from dire disaster. Something more than keen intellects will be required. Men who do not feel the largest meaning of mercy, justice, truth and brotherhood, men whose souls are pinched in a corner, will fail. Upon the three men sent from America rests the heaviest responsibility.

None of the friends of Dr. Young, or any one who knows him, can have any doubt about the wide extent of his knowledge, and the greatness of his mind. For men do not reach and keep the high places he has attained in the worlds of law and industry without these. My impression is that he was one of the first, if not the first man in his class at St. Lawrence. I am quite sure that he led his law class at Boston University, and was regarded at graduation as one of the most brilliant men who ever entered that college. His showing was the more remarkable because he had to earn most of the money he spent as a student in Boston. Dr. Hervey persuaded Young's father to borrow a thousand dollars, and that was all the money his son had for seven or eight years in college except what he earned. (Talk about good investments!)

Young was at once appointed instructor in Boston University Law School. He was early entrusted with some of the most complicated cases in the law and attracted attention from the first. Very early, his success was attested by an income reputed to have been not less than $30,000 a year. With the whole country to choose from, the General Electric made him head of its legal department to untangle problems of the law all over this country, and in other parts of the world. His way with men, the amazing breadth of his information and his mental grasp, made it inevitable years before the event, that he was to be the head of one of the greatest corporations in the world. The confidence alike of employers and workers led President Wilson to make him one of the committee of fifteen in the second Industrial Conference. I consider the report of that conference, especially the recommendations to which Young largely contributed, as one of the most important social documents extant. President Harding made Young chairman of the Commission on Unemployment. Again he displayed both grasp of multitudinous factors and the power of the original thinker. Those best capable of judging see in the principles laid down real preventatives of panics and the accompanying misery of unemployment.

Yet keen intellect is not enough to describe my long-time friend. He has been equal to his contributions to the well-being of society, because to his wide knowledge and discriminating mind must be added his spiritual qualities. I do not know whether or not he would be called a good churchman; but I have no manner of doubt that he has been, and is, working at his Universalism with a consistency that ought to shame some of us who think ourselves ardent churchmen. He personally sees to it that the little Universalist church at Van Hornesville, which he attended as a boy, is kept sound and clean; to it the numerous tribes of Young will go up to be married; from it he will be buried, as was his son John.

At one time Young thought seriously of being a minister; he even appeared in some Universalist

pulpits as a lay preacher. It is characteristic of him that he decided against becoming a minister not through consideration of money or position, but through consideration of his own fitness. Providence has used him to put our gospel to work in ways quite beyond the most successful of our clergy, so far as I can judge. When I fall to thinking of applied Universalism, my

OWEN D. YOUNG

mind turns instinctively to some of the most marked successes of his career, successes that I usually heard from others, for no one talked less of himself.

What are some of the spiritual resources upon which Mr. Young has drawn in meeting constantly new conditions? First, to me, stands his nearly universal sympathy. In the large sense of the word, he is kind. He is quite capable of a flaming wrath on rare occasions, but his prevailing mood is one of good will and confidence. There is a recent article in a leading magazine on the subject of this sketch. It is not a satisfactory article, largely because the writer depended upon his subject to talk about himself, and Young prefers other subjects. But the reporter did hit upon an outstanding characteristic when he named his story: "Seeing through Other People's Eyes." From the time the present General Electric chief was associating with his fellow students at college, this power of getting at another's point of view amounted to something very like genius, so swift it is, and accurate. I have never known him to confuse what he wished people thought with what they did think. Said a speaker at the Old South Forum on a recent Sunday, speaking of the value of the American representatives at Paris: "Mr. Young *knows* what the workmen want." His personal popularity with the great majority of the General Electric thousands is due to their belief that, understanding their feelings and ambitions, he devotes as much thought to how they may be advantaged as to the making of dividends for stockholders. He keeps in touch. He edges away from making flowery speeches about essential partnership and co-operation, he just goes as far as he can in the practise of them. He never acts in a condescending manner, for the reason that he does not feel condescending.

I have known very few men who are consistently democratic, although I have heard and read a good many fine speeches on the subject, and many boasts from men who pretended to it. But if Young ever acted like a man who did not trust the great mass of mankind, I never caught him doing so; there his Universalist training took. My strong impression is that he has been more consistently democratic than Mr. Steinmetz himself. It might be profitable, by the way, for those who believe in a large measure of control by the men themselves of the conditions under which they do their work, to study the Lynn plant of the General Electric. The last report I have seen shows that there were 2,300 complaints in three years. Of these the workers themselves settled all but three cases. A second outstanding quality is a tolerance which has its roots in reverence for individual rights. If I am any judge, he has no wish to turn men into mere machines, he has encouraged, under trying circumstances, real freedom of speech and thought, that men may make the most of themselves—and then co-operate. He has gone to great lengths to be sure that the humblest worker shall feel he has a square deal, that no offense is committed against personality, that each shall feel the dignity and value of his task. He actually has the spiritual quality of self-abnegation. I do not mean at all that this means a lack of consciousness that he has great powers, which he is bound to use to the best of advantage. Dr. Hervey tells that there was just one man in Van Hornesville who thought it was worth while to give Owen Young a college education—Owen Young was that one. He has been shouldering big responsibilities all his life because he believed it was in him to carry them. The self-abnegation I am thinking of is in the poet's lines:

"What matters me or mine, this or another time,
So the right word be said, and the world the better made?"

He has been a great leader and conciliator, because he has known when and how to follow. Considering the important work he has done, he is the poorest self-advertiser with whom I am acquainted. I think he rather delights in getting good things done without being caught at it. At any rate, he has never hesitated to hide himself when that seemed best for the cause he served, and that is greatness.

The puppet kings strut their hour upon the stage, but "the greatest shall be servant of all." In love of men, in reverence for duty, in deep sense of responsibility, cherished in the heart of a boy, kept

young by simple ways, and unfaltering loyalties, my friend has wrought as he has, and I believe "the best is yet to be."

Those who are thinking only of the arithmetic of the liberal faith, and are discouraged by it, need to take a course in results. For no crisis in the life of the republic has failed to raise up some providential men whose souls have been fed by the liberal gospel.

And now, in another world crisis, when clouds of peril and hatred and fear darken the skies, we shall see how far a little candle lighted in a little church in a little village casts its beams, lighting the way for justice and peace and larger brotherhood everywhere.

* * *

SCHOOL DAYS OF DR. BISBEE

Elbert W. Whitney

BEFORE I met Frederick A. Bisbee, my classmate in the Tufts College Divinity School, Captain Henry Wells Hand, a veteran of the Civil War, told me that his nephew was soon to come to the school, and hoped we would try to make life pleasant and happy for him on College Hill.

In the early autumn of 1873 I first met F. A. Bisbee, walking up the trail from the bridge over the Lowell railroad tracks to the college buildings on the top of the hill. It was not as well graded as the Mohwak trail, nor as rugged and picturesque as the famous Apache trail.

The college buildings were only four in number, East Hall, Middle Hall, the then new West Hall and Ballou Hall, devoted to recitation rooms, with a large room where commencement exercises were held. On the top of Ballou Hall was a bell which called students to chapel services, and the various recitations. To the Divinity School the west half of West Hall was assigned. On the first floor Dean T. J. Sawyer had the southwest room for his classes, Prof. C. H. Leonard the room east of this, and Prof. W. L. Tousey the northwest corner room, east of which was the chapel. Rooms on the three upper floors were assigned to the divinity students.

I gladly took some of his bundles, and with the aid of his trusty cane he arrived at his uncle's pleasant room in Middle Hall. By students and professors he was heartily welcomed, and I think his years on College Hill were among the busiest and happiest of his life.

With eager thirst for knowledge he made diligent use of his opportunities, thoroughly learning his lessons, and when his turn came conducted the devotional services of the school in an impressive manner. His ambition was always greater than his strength. In athletic exercises he overtaxed himself, instead of gaining a fund of reserved power. With alert and keen mind he was interested in the college library, and was well informed about the events and problems of the world.

During my senior year in the Divinity School I supplied the pulpit of the historic Charlton church, which was attended by several Spencer people. At their request we held services in South Spencer, and later in Spencer, then a busy and prosperous town. Later other students preached there, and Mr. Bisbee accepted a call from the Spencer church. He interested various people in the Universalist movement, and soon a well located and convenient church was built. Of his important work in Philadelphia I have no personal knowledge. With the aid of ministerial friends he published an able paper devoted to the interests of the Universalist Church. Upon the death of Dr. Emerson, F. A. Bisbee was wisely chosen to be editor of the *Universalist Leader*. To this great work he devoted himself with tireless energy to the day of his death. In his wheel chair on "The Front Porch" in Florida, he wrote many wise and inspiring articles for the benefit of our beloved Church.

With gratitude we shall cherish his memory. Let us emulate his great fidelity to duty, his unfailing courage, and glorious vision of the unseen and eternal.

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EMERGENCY APPEAL FOR RELIEF OF GERMAN CHILDREN

From the Federal Council of Churches

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In view of the approaching campaign for German relief in Boston, we would greatly appreciate it if you would print the following statement and cablegram:

> The discourtesy of the German ambassador to the memory of former President Wilson will make no difference whatever in the plans of the Federal Council of the Churches in seeking relief for the suffering in Germany. Our efforts will be continued unabated. We are not willing to allow a slight, even to so honored a leader as Mr. Wilson, to serve as an excuse for letting little children starve. They, at least, can in no way be held responsible for the action of the German ambassador. Mr. Wilson himself, we may be sure, would have been the last man in the world to condone an attitude of resentment or callous indifference toward them. Only a few days before his death, he expressed deep solicitude for the suffering in Germany. We truly honor his memory by sharing his spirit of generous goodwill, not by making a slight to him a pretext for turning a deaf ear to two and a half million children who are crying for bread.

Dr. Adolph Deissmann, recognized German church leader, wired Dr. Charles S. Macfarland on Feb. 10 as follows:

> "Informed circles attribute flag incident to deplorable misunderstanding arisen from initial uncertainty as to private or official character of Wilson funeral. As soon as official character known embassy authorized to follow diplomatic mourning customs. German Government and people naturally far from intending any insult to feelings of American nation whose admirable charity work Germany gratefully appreciates."

Ernest Lyman Mills.

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THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Two Hands on One Boy

WHEN I was a Little Boy I liked to have my Face and Hands Clean. But I had no love for the process by which they had to become clean. And many times I assumed that they were clean, when an Unbiassed Observer might have held a Divergent Opinion.

And my sons, when they were small, liked Cold Water about as well as their father did in his youth. But my Little Grandson is a Miracle of Cleanliness, and loveth to have his Face and Hands Washed. That is to say, he loveth a Little Joke that we have concerning the matter.

And it came about on this wise. The little lad came to visit me and Keturah, and the time arrived for Lunch. And I said, Let us go and wash thy Hands. And he said, They need no washing.

Then I said, Let me wash One Hand and see how the other looketh beside it.

So I washed one of his hands.

Then I said, Place the Two Hands side by side, and let us see whether they belong both of them to the same boy.

And when we looked at them together, he agreed with me that those Two Hands could not by any possibility belong to the Same Boy.

Then said I, Which Hand shall we cut off? Or shall we wash the one that will make the Two Hands look alike?

And he said, Let us wash the Other Hand.

And when I had done it, he said, Now the Two Hands belong on the Same Boy. And he was right about it.

Then said I, Let us see if we can match the Two Clean Hands with a Clean Face.

And then I said, Thy face is Very Clean. Let us see if we can Comb thy Hair.

Now we have done this Many Times since that first day, and it hath become a Very Pleasant Joke with us, and a Merry Game.

And it is in this way we make progress in life. For the job of reforming any of us is too large for a single contract. But now and then we discover that we have improved a very little in one particular, and then we sometimes have grace enough to wash the other hand to make it match the virtue that we possess. And if the process continue long enough there is hope that in time we may come so that the whole of us shall match ourselves at our best.

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ANNUAL CONFERENCE OF COUNCIL AND WORKERS IN JAPAN

Clifford R. Stetson

The Council meetings were held in Tokyo, Jan. 16-20, 1924.

Mrs. Rowe led the opening devotional service at 2 p. m. at the barrack church.

In Dr. Ayres' opening address he spoke of the challenge of the present situation to us, the only representatives of rational, liberal religious Christianity.

The reports from the different fields were full of interest. Miss Hathaway reported twenty girls in the Home, and the new building under way. It should be ready by April first. This year only the higher class of the Midori kindergarten could be accommodated. But with the new building the work can be increased.

The report from Nagoya was about as usual, little interest in the church, but social work at the tea house, and some country work done by Mr. Nagano.

Shizuoka gave the most encouraging report in its history. Attendance at all services slightly above last year. Twelve new members during the year, and six children dedicated. The year's budget called for the raising of about 250 yen. They usually raised 308.24 yen, and besides that had special offerings amounting to 588.87 yen, which were spent for such items as the new bridge, a multigraph machine for the church, a present for Miss Kirk when she went away, and 100 yen for the Christmas celebration and gifts to the Tokyo Sunday school, and, best of all, 250 yen for relief for earthquake sufferers, part through Y. M. C. A. and part to the Tokyo church. They have adopted a budget for this year for running expenses of 406 yen. The Sunday school is doing good work, and kindergarten has more students than ever before. The night school is running along as usual, but needs to be brought into closer touch with the other work.

For Tokyo the report included twelve new members during the year, the repairs on the church in the spring, and 100 yen given by the women for dishes and equipment. Then came the earthquake, and since then, the services, first at Blackmer Home, and later in the barrack church, materials and labor for which were obtained from the Household Department by Mr. Kawabata. These services have been well attended, and the church people, many of whom lost their own homes, have taken real interest in the plans for rebuilding. They are studying the city for the best possible location, and thinking about plans for architecture, and have set themselves to raise ten per cent of what is raised in America for the church. That means at least 10,000 yen and a part of this is already pledged.

Mr. Kawabata then explained the relief work as it was being carried on at the barrack church. After the first immediate needs for money and food had been met, the church organized its work under four heads. The first of these is religious help, and in charge of the pastor. It covers the regular church services, and Sunday school and pastoral work. The second is personal help, in charge of Mr. Ito, who has afternoon hours at the church, and is ready to meet those who have problems such as employment, home difficulties, or legal entanglements. The third is the work with children, in charge of Miss Koyama. Until the New Year this was very successful, but now that the schools keep the children in the afternoon, there is less need for it, and other work is planned. The fourth is entertainment, and two evenings have been given with fair success.

The last hour before adjournment was spent in discussing various problems presented by different persons, and trying together to solve them. Among other topics the matter of making evening services more successful was discussed, and the need for a woman worker or Bible woman, in Shizuoka, to help in the work with the young women.

The meeting closed at 5 p. m.

The Saturday meetings were held at the Mission House, Higashinakano. After the devotional service led by Mr. Nagano, Mr. Terasawa gave an address on "Reaching the Young People." This was an interesting address upon a theme which Mr. Terasawa has proved himself capable of handling.

This was followed by a series of papers on "My Ideals." Mr. Ito spoke on his ideals for the Perin Cate Home. Mr. Kawabata spoke of his hopes for the new Tokyo church. Miss Koyama told of her plans for the social work in the new kindergarten building. These addresses were full of interest, and were followed by free discussion.

Mrs. Ayres had prepared lunch for us, and we were joined by Mrs. Kawabata and Miss Hazard, who is stopping at the Blackmer Home. It was a pleasant occasion.

The afternoon session opened at 2 o'clock with an address by Mr. Nagano on "Social Work and Building the Kingdom," which revealed Mr. Nagano's deep interest and ability in this phase of the work.

Mr. Stetson spoke of "The Needs and Possibilities in Shizuoka." Closer co-ordination of the different branches of work, and the founding of afternoon classes for girls in the school building, were among the needs which were mentioned, and possible to bring about. It was also reported that the missionary's house had been sold, and in view of the scarcity of houses the need for a new house belonging to the Mission is likely to become an acute need at any time.

After some more discussion the closing series of talks was given. Mrs. Rowe spoke on "What One Year in the Mission

Has Revealed to Me." She said that she might almost sum it all up in the one word "Language," for language is the bridge which has helped the West and the East to meet, even while it seems so impossible for the individual to cross it completely. Most of the failures and misunderstandings in Mission work can be traced back to language and the failure to understand each other's use of words. Mrs. Rowe also pointed out the fact that our Mission is particularly fortunate in the ministers' wives, who have been of great help in the work.

Dr. and Mrs. Ayres, in speaking of their five years' experience, mentioned their first impressions of the Mission, and their disappointment at finding it so small. Among other things made clear to them since then they mentioned the following: That our work has not succeeded in reaching the people of wealth and influence in Japan. That in Japan things must move slowly. That English is the key to teaching Christianity. That Christian thought has progressed much farther than the confines of the Christian Church in Japan. That there is need for more Christian schools, with the emphasis on the Christian. That the people at home are more than ever before responsive to the needs of the Japan Mission.

Miss Hathaway's subject was "Lessons from Twenty Years of Service," and her paper was a fitting climax to the meetings. It should be printed in the *Leader*, and given all the publicity possible. It reviewed briefly the years of Miss Hathaway's service, with their discouragements and joys together. It contained its tribute to the never-failing courtesy and kindness of the Japanese to strangers, and a plea for greater patience on the part of both missionaries and native workers for each other's failings. And it told more than half unconsciously of the glory of Miss Hathaway's own years of faithful service, which in itself is an inspiration and a challenge.

This closed the Conference proper, but the visiting members remained for the church service on Sunday morning, at which Mr. Terasawa preached. There were a good number present, and afterward nearly all stayed for *bento*, or lunch, together. The four Japanese ministers held a reunion on Saturday evening at Mr. Kawabata's also, at which they discussed plans for the year's work.

Miss Kent was prevented from attending any of the meetings by illness, and Mrs. Stetson and Mrs. Terasawa could not come from Shizuoka.

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FOREIGN MISSIONS CONFERENCE OF NORTH AMERICA

Theodore A. Fischer

It was the writer's great privilege to attend the thirty-first annual session of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America at Atlantic City, N. J., Jan. 8-11, as the representative from our Universalist Board of Foreign Missions. Representatives of the various Missions Boards of the denominations to the number of about 300 gathered in Vernon Room, Haddon Hall, for four days in sessions which dealt with many subjects vital to the cause of missions. The sessions of the Conference were private, only those having credentials being admitted to the meetings.

The delegates were inspired by a high sense of duty to all branches of humanity. The sessions commanded the attention and engaged the interest of all. They held the lover of mankind in an exalted mood of loyalty to Christ the leader of us all. One of the outstanding things considered and acted on was the proposal for a commission to co-operate with the churches and missions in Japan in the study of policies and plans for reconstruction and extension of Christian enterprise in Japan, especially in the devastated area. Among the problems which such a commission might consider would be co-operative enterprises in which the Christian forces have already joined or have been desirous of joining, and the most effective location, equipment, scope, and inter-relationship of denominational enterprises. The door of opportunity is now open for a greater co-operation on the part of the denominations working in Japan. Denominational differences and ambitions and material possessions are really insignificant compared with the supreme purpose of all Christian work, which is the establishment of the kingdom of God. Will the churches be wise and big enough to take the full est advantage of the opportunity now before them?

Another matter of great interest was the adoption of the resolution which recommends that an interdenominational Foreign Missionary Conference in North America be held at some convenient time during the winter of 1924-25. To share in these great world enterprises is a privilege. Our contribution as a Church is recognized and welcomed. It is to be hoped that we make that contribution as large and as helpful as possible.

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NEAR EAST RELIEF CONTRIBUTIONS

January 31, 1924

Rev. Stanley Spear, Roxbury, Mass.	$30.00
Martha Emery, Roxbury, Mass.	5.00
Grace F. Brown, Roxbury, Mass.	12.00
Mrs. Annie W. Killam, Roxbury, Mass.	12.00
Universalist Church, Orleans, Mass.	5.00
Universalist Church, North Olmstead, O.	18.77
Universalist Church, Hop Bottom, Pa.	4.75
Universalist Church, Kingsley, Pa.	3.60
Universalist Church, Nicholson, Pa.	4.50
Universalist Church, Brooklyn, Pa.	7.50
Universalist Church, Lawrence, Mass.	145.58
Universalist Church, Berlin, N. H.	5.00
Universalist Church, Santa Paula, Cal.	73.12
Mission Circle, Medford, Mass.	35.00
Miss Shirley Ventress, Clarendon, N. Y.	12.64
Mrs. Orrin Bartlett, Newark, N. Y.	2.00
Rev. Harold Marshall, Melrose, Mass.	5.00
Mrs. Rena Paul, Wells, Vt.	2.00
Sunday School, Livermore Falls, Me.	10.00
George Humberstone, Toledo, Ohio	5.00
Mrs. B. J. Hopkins, Westfield, N. Y.	2.00
Rev. Lucy M. Giles, Westminster, Mass.	1.00
Mrs. M. L. Wood, Livonia, Georgia	1.00
Hattie M. Weston, Freeport, Maine	10.00
Mrs. A. T. and Grace Elliot, Everett, Mass.	5.00
Vesta A. Harwood, Dorset, Vermont.	2.26
	$419.72

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THE LORD SAVE US FROM ORATORS

The following story is from the *Weekly Clarion*, edited by the inmates of the Missouri State prison at Jefferson City:

A negro met an acquaintance of his, also colored, on the street one day and was surprised to see that his friend had on a new suit, new hat, new shoes and other evidences of prosperity.

"Hey, boy," he said, "how come you dressed up this way? Is you got a job?"

"I'se got somethin' better'n any job," replied the other, "I'se got a perfession."

"What is it?"

"I'se a orator."

"What's a orator?"

"Don't you know?" replied the resplendent one in surprise. "Well, I'll tell you what a orator is. If you was to walk up to a ordinary nigger and ask him how much was two and two, he'd say 'four,' but if you was to ask one of us orators how much was two and two he'd say, 'When in de cou'se of human events it becomes necessary to take de numeral of de second denomination and add to it de figger two, I says unto you and I says it without fear of successful contradiction, dat de result will invari'bly be four.' Dat's a orator."

If you were rewriting our news it would seem to you that most of our news contributors are in the oratorical profession.—*The Baptist.*

Home and Children

THE BIRD'S SONG IN THE NIGHT

I woke in the night; the stars were hid,
The skies were cold and gray,
My soul grew sick with a nameless fear,
And I scarce had faith to pray.

I thought of the day's mistakes with tears,
Of wrong that outmeasured right,
When lo, from a rain-washed tree near by
A bird sang in the night,

So soft and so low, so fearlessly,
So full of a glad content,
Of a faith that knew the day would break
Through the wet boughs o'er her bent.

I said to my heart, "Behold a sign,
Heart, let us read aright,
That faith is easy and hope is sure
To him who sings in the night!"

Selected.

* * *

THE PARTY AND THE GUESTS

THERE was once a child whose mother had promised him a birthday party. Although his father's house was in the city with no yard to speak of, it was large, with great rooms and long windows, letting in light and sunshine so that there was room to play.

He had beautiful playthings—engines which would draw long trains of cars upon a real track, a toy grocery, stuffed rabbits and bears and monkeys, and a live kitten. He would let his little friends play with them at the party; and if they grew tired of the toys there was the great house to romp in. The child was sure that he would have the best time that ever he had in his life.

There were real invitations, written on cards and slipped in tiny envelopes; and because they were too precious to be trusted to the post-office, the child went himself in the automobile and left them at the homes of his friends. In the corner of each card had been written, "Please reply," and he waited eagerly for answers, which might come in the mail or be brought to the door as his invitations had been.

Soon the answers began to come, but they were disappointing. One little girl had whooping-cough and another's mother was afraid to let her go to parties for fear she might catch something. A number of the children were going away on a visit. When the morning came for the party there was clear sky and warm sunshine, the house was in order, the refreshments were ready. There were still a few children to be heard from, and the child hoped to have a good time with even these few; but the morning's mail brought letters from their mothers saying that for various reasons they could not possibly come.

The child thought that such a thing had never been heard of. He went out and sat on the front steps all by himself. He would not even look at the live kitten, who chased her tail and did her best to make him play with her.

He saw two children coming down the street. They were not very well dressed. One of them carried a jar of milk. They must have been to the grocer's on the corner and were on their way home. Probably they lived in the next street, where the houses were rather small and needed painting. The child thought to himself that *they* were well enough to be out. He wondered if they would have come to his party if they had been asked.

He went down to the sidewalk.

"Hullo," he said.

They looked at him, very much surprised, but they stopped.

"It is my birthday," he said, "and I am going to have a party. Will you come?"

"We never went to a party," said the boy, who was carrying the milk. "What is it like?"

"Never went to a party?" It was the child's turn to be surprised. "Why, we play and there are—" He had started to say "There are presents," but something stopped him, so he said instead, "There's ice cream."

"Does it come in cones?" asked the little girl. "And do we have to pay for it?"

The child laughed. "I think it will be in saucers," he said, "and of course you don't have to pay for it. You are my guests. Don't you see?"

"I think it would be beautiful"—it was the little girl speaking. "Do you think mother will let us?" she asked her brother.

"I will go with you and ask her myself," said the child grandly.

They came back in half an hour and with them were more children. There must have been twenty of them alltogether. Some of them were two years old and some were three; but most of them were the age of the Birthday Child, who headed the procession. He led them up the steps and opened the front door.

His mother had seen them coming and was there to meet them. She saw that their hands and faces had been scrubbed very clean; and she noticed that they all stopped and rubbed their boots hard on the door-mat before they came in. They were quiet and shy, but she did not know what the Birthday Child knew, that not one of them had ever gone to a party before.

"Isn't it nice, Mother?" said the child. "They are all our neighbors, every one of them; and they are coming to my party."

After a little, the children stopped being quiet and shy and had a really good time. They were conductors and engineers and switchmen on the toy railroad; and the Birthday Child found that some of the boys knew more about railroads than he did, for they had watched the real thing, down by the tracks. One boy said his father was an engineer, and he was the hero of the afternoon after that. The little girls rode up and down the halls in the toy automobile, not forgetting to give the bears and monkeys and rabbits a ride too. Everybody had a good time except the live kitten; she disappeared very soon and could not be found again until the last guest had gone home.

When they were tired of playing they went to the dining-room and had chicken on toast and hot chocolate, foamy with whipped cream. Best of all was the

ice cream, served in saucers, and the little cakes covered with pink and white and chocolate icing. There was even candy, since it was only five o'clock and bedtime was two hours away.

When the guests went home they told the Birthday Child that they had never had such a good time, and they one and all asked him to come to see them, especially as they lived in the next street.

As the Birthday Child's mother was tucking him in that night he said sleepily:

"Just think, Mother, how many more children I shall have to play with!"

The Birthday Child's mother went downstairs and found his father to tell him about it. Then together they opened the Bible and turned to a passage in the Gospel of Luke; for something like this had happened before, and here it was. They read it together. And we can read it too. It is another of the stories which Jesus told.

"A man made a great supper; and he invited many and he sent forth his servant at supper time to say to them that were invited, Come; for all things are now ready. And they all began to make excuses. The first said, I have bought a field and I must go out and see it; I pray thee, have me excused. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen and I go to try them: I pray thee, have me excused. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I can not come. And the servant came and told his master these things. Then the master of the house said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor and blind and lame. And the servant said, Master, what thou didst command is done, and yet there is room. And the master said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges and bring the poor in that my house may be filled. And the servants went out into the highways, and brought together all as many as they found: and the house was filled with guests." (*Adapted from Luke* 14 : 16-23, *and Matthew* 22 : 10.) —*Frances M. Dadmun.*

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STAND BY

Radio lovers know what it means to stand by. When the request comes in do you adjust your ear sets and seek a new station? Or do you use the interim in conversation or reading? Those of the first class are the "rainbow chasers" of radio—new-station fellows who have "had enough of this; let's try for something else." They won't stand by. Those of the second class have chosen their station carefully in the beginning with the intention of listening through. They are the "stand bys."

A wholesaler recently classified the young men who enter the business world in the same way. The "new-station" fellows won't wait. They demand rapid promotion and quick rewards. If those don't come, they try something else. They won't stand by until success arrives. The business "stand by," on the other hand, chooses his work carefully with the idea of sticking to it. He is willing to begin at the beginning, and he waits for success.

The get-rich-quick malady is prevalent among young business people. It is a disease that attacks all and carries off many. They demand quick rewards. They won't stand by until they reach the place from which they might go on. They won't wait.

A young man went to the head of a large grocery concern to get a position.

"What experience have you had in the grocery business?" the proprietor asked the applicant.

"None," the young man replied. "But I can learn."

"Very well. We shall give you a job in the shipping room."

"Can't I do better than that? I'm a high-school graduate."

"But you don't know the grocery business."

At the end of a month the boy returned to the office. "I'll have to have more money," he said. "I can't live on eighteen dollars a week. How about a promotion?"

"No vacancies just now," he was told. "Better cut down your living expenses."

"Why should I? I know where I can get twenty-two a week right now."

"You'd better take it," advised the head of the firm. "The rewards in my line are for those who can wait."

The "stand by" applies for a position with the same qualifications.

"We shall have to put you in the shipping room," the merchant says. "We have no preferments."

The young man learns his own job and at the same time watches the man above him. The man above him takes a vacation. "This new fellow understands my work," he says to his boss. "He can carry on while I'm away."

That gives the new man his inning. He makes good at the job higher up.

Later the head of the department contracts pneumonia. "Mr. Crane isn't down this morning. How about his work?"

"Dunton can do it. He took his place last summer."

Then Mr. Crane decides to move to California for his health, or he dies. The old fellows drop off. Who gets Mr. Crane's job? Dunton. Because he has been right there all the time. He knows the work better than anybody else. He has waited.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

WHERE DO ELEPHANTS DIE?

One of the great mysteries of the natural history world is where elephants go when they die. Curiously enough the body of an elephant that has died from natural causes has never been discovered either in India or Africa. Among native races there is a widespread belief that, when the great beasts feel the end approaching, they make their way to some secret hiding-place in which to die. The whole question is just as big a mystery as ever, in spite of the fact that many attempts have been made to solve the problem. The districts where elephants occur in a wild state have been scoured in all directions in the hope of discovering the last resting place of the huge animals, but without any result. Quite recently another determined attempt has been made to penetrate the mystery, but, up to the present, nothing of any value has been discovered. As a matter of fact the problem has more than a scientific interest to it. Any individual who is so fortunate as to find the elephants' graveyard will certainly have made a fortune. On this spot there must be a huge accumulation of ivory, a commodity which is continually increasing in value.—*Scientific American.*

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SOMETHING TO DO

"Rastus, how is it you have given up going to church?" asked Pastor Brown.

"Well, sah," replied Rastus, "it's dis way: I likes to take an active part, an' I used to pass de collection basket, but deys give de job to Brothah Green, when he returned from ovah thaiah."

"In recognition of his heroic service, I suppose."

"No, sah; I reckon he got dat job in reco'nition o' his having lost one o' his hands."—*Exchange.*

* * *

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S MORNING PRAYER

Lord, preserve me calm in my spirit,
Gentle in my commands,
And watchful that I speak not unadvisedly with my lips,
Moderate in my purposes,
Yielding in my temper,
And, at the same time, steadfast in my principles. Amen.

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

A JAPANESE PLAY AND A JAPANESE TEA

As inquiries are constantly coming to the Japan Chairman asking for a good play, may we, through the *Leader* Page, tell of one which is most instructive and impressive—"The Other Point of View"—written by Etsu Inagaki Sugimoto.

This is published by the Missionary Education Movement with the hope that societies will present it this year while studying Japan. It is a scene from Japanese country life where a beautiful girl is called home from the Mission School because a great man from Tokyo has told the unsuspecting parents he will pay two hundred yen for their daughter Otomi, for her services for three years, and that she will become a fine educated lady, learning ceremonial tea and flower arrangement. The money will buy rice for next year's planting and medicine for the sick father and as they are very poor this makes a strong appeal.

Otomi is greatly distressed when she learns why they have sent for her, because she has been taught the temptations of the Geisha girls. She is sorry to disobey her parents but says she can not go to Tokyo, and in her desperation, as the parents insist on obedience, she sends her little sister for the missionary lady, who comes and helps the parents to understand the perils of Tokyo. The missionary arranges to have Otomi assist her in the school, paying the parents ten yen every month for her services, and the daughter is saved.

The Christians of Japan are putting on a great program of enlightenment for the entire abolition of this system of the Geisha girl, and they ask us to join them in stamping out the viper by putting on a program of enlightenment in our country.

Before the play is presented have some one tell of the life of a Geisha girl in Japan (see "Leaven in Japan," pages 190-194), that they are not the prostitutes but the professional entertainers at public places where drink flows freely, and the life leads so easily to immorality. Tell them too that Blackmer Home was founded in the beginning to protect good girls from that very life.

Choose the characters for the play wisely and the presentation will touch every heart and purse.

"The Other Point of View" was given at the fourth annual Japanese Tea of the Oak Park Mission Circle on Jan. 18, at the parsonage, and at the close the president asked for the offering for the Oak Park girl in Blackmer Home, which is always taken at this time. There were forty women present and the offering was $127. More came in later, for some who put a dollar in the basket sent checks for five, the scene had made such an appeal.

These annual Japanese Teas have always been happy events in the life of Oak Park Church. It was such a joy to pass from giving $5 a year to women's work in Japan to giving $120 a year, and the first year of the passing, four years ago, will long be remembered. It was with some anxiety the president of the Circle passed slips of blank paper asking the women if they would like to join her in adopting and supporting a girl of our very own in Blackmer Home, for she was new in the parish and did not know the women very well. Ninety-four dollars were given that day, and there was no urging but just an appeal to pass on to others the things that had brought to us our choicest blessings. The best thing about the whole meeting was the deep joy which seemed to fill every heart.

And so every succeeding Japanese Tea has proved a happy event, but this last one surpassed them all. Of course, there were flowers and tea and home-made cookies, but it was "The Other Point of View" which won us all for Blackmer Home.

You may order this play from Miss Alice G. Enbom, 176 Newbury Street, at twenty-five cents a copy. Order six copies, if possible, that each person may have her own. It helps greatly in the preparation.

Grace Vallentyne,
Japan Chairman.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

GOOD CHEER IN NEW YORK

Two "Little Journeys" Reveal Progress and the Prospects of Progress in the Empire State

(*Concluded*)

Dolgeville—Long-time pastorate with cumulative power; over-crowded room; seven organized classes. Salisbury Center—successful school held Sunday mornings though preaching service is in the evening; credit due to group of devoted women. Little Falls—good progress under superintendency of Rev. H. M. Cary; missionary work of high order led by pastor's wife; ten members enrolled in the Community School of Religious Education. Herkimer—school on up-grade after period of discouragement; minister very active; new and earnest superintendent. Watertown—everybody happy over return of Dr. Reed after long illness; Mrs. Reed energetic superintendent; good plant and prospects of increased membership. Potsdam—after five years without a settled pastor this parish now joyous with Rev. O. F. Alvord and wife; good superintendent; week-day education; progress all along the line. Canton—newly decorated Sunday school room; students and professors of theological school interested and helpful; good teaching force; Rev. Harry A. Hersey called as pastor. Central Square—great loyalty to minister and work; basement of church converted into attractive Sunday school room; additional equipment to be secured.

It would have been delightful to have written a paragraph, or even a column, about each place visited. From these scrappy notes, however, it will be seen that the cause is prospering in New York. It ought to with such an executive board as it has—men and women of vision, ability and great industry.

The Wanderer.

WHO IS "EDUCATED?"

William Lyon Phelps, professor of English Language and Literature in Yale University, writing in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, thus answers this question:

"I thoroughly believe in a university education for both men and women, but I believe a *knowledge of the Bible without a college course is more valuable than a college course without the Bible.*

Every one who has a thorough knowledge of the Bible may truly be called educated; and no other learning or culture, no matter how extensive or elegant, can form a proper substitute."

* *

LENT

Dr. Lowe hopes that the Lenten season of 1924 will count for more in Universalist Sunday schools than any previous one. It ought to now that the Christ Crusade is awakening our people to the importance of serious thought on great themes.

Of course our officers and teachers must be alert to suggest church membership to pupils who have come to the proper age and development. It is a good time also to start bright young people toward our theological schools.

The programs suggested in the Superintendents' Note-Books are consistent with the season, five of them being on various phases of the leadership of Jesus.

Friends desiring to begin the custom of morning prayers, either privately or in family groups, will find Mrs. Perin's book, "The Optimist's Good Morning," very satisfactory. "God's Minute" is a helpful little volume. For Scripture reading nothing is better than "The Soul of the Bible." The prayers by Martineau and Rauschenbusch are uplifting and helpful. Why not read at this time a good life of Jesus? For adults we recommend that written by Burton and Matthews and published by the University of Chicago Press.

Among Our Churches

New York City Letter

Divine Paternity.—Twenty-five years ago upon the completion of the new church of the Divine Paternity Mr. J. Warren Andrews became organist and has been absent but two Sundays during that period of service, although he has given recitals,—about six hundred—throughout the country and played at the Expositions in Charleston, Jamestown, St. Louis and San Francisco. Mr. Andrews is recognized as one of America's great organists and choir directors. And to his friends—a host in number—he is ever a genial, kindly, brotherly soul, overflowing with wit and always ready and willing to render helpful service. His loyalty to the Church of the Divine Paternity and devotion to its ministers and people have created such bonds of affection that on Feb. 15, at the Hotel Martinique, a complimentary dinner was given by the parish to Mr. Andrews. Mr. Andrews received his first organ lessons at the old First Universalist Church in Lynn, and through the years has served in Swampscott and Lynn, Mass., Newport, R. I., Cambridge, Mass., Minneapolis, and for a quarter of a century in New York. And though his years of service number more than fifty, he is still young in spirit, and is a master in his profession, a cheery friend and a sun-crowned Christian gentleman. Mr. Andrews was president of the New York State Music Teachers' Association in 1908, is a member of St. Wilfrid's Club of Organists, the National Association of Organists and the American Guild of Organists. In 1949 Mr. Andrews will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his association with the Divine Paternity. * * **Mt. Vernon.**—Mr. Sayles has some very attractive subjects for February Sundays in the First Liberal Church: "The Genius of Franklin," "The Soul of Lincoln," "The Mind of Washington," "Crusading for a Warless World." The local Daughters of the Revolution attended service on Feb. 17. Mr. Sayles spoke at the McAlpin to the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America on "Great Americans." The Mt. Vernon press eagerly aids Mr. Sayles by publishing extended reports of his sermons and addresses. In January the serbjects dealt with Fundamentalism and Modernism. * * **The Metropolitan Y. P. C. U.** at its annual banquet, Feb. 10, at the Allerton, extended a welcome to Rev. John Sayles and Rev. Emerson Hugh Lalone. Miss Idalia Whitcomb presided, and Mr. C. Neal Barney delivered an address upon "Seeing Straight." * * **Chapin Home.**—Preachers in February, Rev. John Sayles and Rev. Andrew Magill, D. D. Home Day, March 3, 3 p. m. The annual report is interesting. The investments amount to more than $200,000. The cost of maintenance is over $40,000. One member of the family has lived in the Home over twenty-five years. There are ninety-seven old people in the Home family, with the following religious affiliations, Quaker 1, Episcopal 17, Methodist, 18, Universalist 14, Protestant 1, Lutheran 2, Liberal 15, Presbyterian 9, Christian 1, Catholic 4, Spiritualist 1, Baptist 4, Congregationalist 6, Dutch Reformed 2, Christian Scientist 2, Reformed 1. * * **Three Laymen,** Messrs. John W. Moore, C. Neal Barney and Herbert E. Muller, in recent days, have aided Mr. Louis Annin Ames in placing guaranteed mortgages upon Brooklyn and Long Island property for the benefit of the General Convention. * * **Good Tidings.**—Dr. Grose delivered a strong address in January upon "Fighting for Peace." On Feb. 6, the pastor, Rev. Emerson H. Lalone, had a birthday, and his people, warmly appreciative of his worth and works, observed the occasion with a dinner and materialized their goodwill in giving a purse of gold. * * **All Souls** has introduced a very attractive weekly calendar. On Young People's Day the preacher was Mrs. Ethel Freeman Nickelsen. Dr. Grose has commenced a series of sermons upon "The Ten Commandments and Modern Life." The Men's Club had its annual dinner Feb. 15. The Golf Class, meeting every Wednesday evening, is a big success. The Brooklyn papers have featured this activity with pictures and descriptive matter. * * **Our Father.**—Because of the changes in population and the coming of many negroes into the immediate vicinity of Grand Avenue and Lefferts Place, the old First Society voted unanimously in January to dispose of their property. No selection of a new site has been made. The minister of Our Father was the speaker, Sunday afternoon, Feb. 10, at the Community Church, New York City, presenting the Universalist view of "Real Fundamentals of Religion." * * **Washington Heights.**—A Men's Club is a new organization starting with a beefsteak dinner. The Ladies' Aid, using the gift of three sewing machines, is preparing largely for the coming fair. On Feb. 10 Mr. Harris observed the fifth anniversary of his pastorate, of which the new church edifice is one result of the co-operation and unity. * * **The Metropolitan Alliance** met Feb. 8 in the Church of Our Father. Mrs. John I. Brooks presided and introduced the ministers of the Metropolitan churches, who spoke upon the subject, "What Is My Greatest Problem?" Answers: Rev. John Sayles—"How to Build Up My Church." Dr. Rose—"To Get Universalists and liberal people to attend church regularly." Dr. Grose—"To make good on the expectations of my friends." Rev. C. J. Harris—"How to live." Rev. Lyman Ward of Alabama stressed the value of minimizing trouble and letting in the sunshine. Dr. F. O. Hall spoke of the problem of the ministry, urging that strong men be sent to the divinity schools, and that parishes do not tease them away before ample preparation has been made.

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. J. F. Albion, D. D., presented his resignation to the Congress Square Church, Portland, at the service Feb. 10, and announced his acceptance of the church at Brunswick, Me. The heavy demands of a large city church have compelled him to make this change. Dr. Albion has completed twenty years of work at Congress Square.

Rev. John Edwin Price of Cincinnati is dean of the Broadwell School run in connection with the Universalist church of Cincinnati. On the opening night twenty-eight entered the physical culture classes, twenty-six the nature study class and eighty the class on the study of the modern drama. Mr. Price will also offer courses in civics and teacher training.

Connecticut

Stafford.—Rev. C. H. Puffer, pastor. Through the generosity of Miss Celia Holt, a larger dining-room and a commodious kitchen have been added to the church building, and much needed improvements have been made. The room formerly used as a dining-room has been attractively refurnished by the Ladies' Circle as a "parlor." These rooms were opened to the public on the evening of Feb. 1, when 150 people attended the chicken-pie supper served by the men of the parish. All denominations in the town were represented and the most marked feature of the gathering was the good-will manifested. Before the supper hour, an apron sale was held, the proceeds from which were highly satisfactory. During the evening, the pastor of the Congregational church gave an interesting account of his vacation trip to England and Wales, and a solo was rendered by G. A. Wagner. The singing of America by those present closed one of the most successful events in the history of the church.

Bridgeport.—Rev. Charles Kramer, pastor. A reception was given to the new pastor and his wife in the parish rooms of the church on Feb. 11. The reception committee consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Buckingham Marsh, Mrs. William Sailer, Mrs.

James L. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Orcutt and Mrs. Maria Watson, the oldest member of the church.

Iowa

Boone.—L. V. Harpel has charge of the church here and progress is being made. The State Board met here Jan. 24, also the Mid-West Conference of Universalists to meet Dr. Lowe, General Superintendent, and Rev. Roger Etz, Secretary of the General Convention, who gave inspirational addresses on phases of the Christ Crusade and the Providence Convention.

Waterloo.—Rev. Otto Raspe, pastor. We are to entertain the Iowa Universalist Convention here June 10 and 11. President Galer, Secretary Colegrove and our pastor are the program committee.

Webster City.—Rev. Geo. Wood, pastor. The pastor's sermons attract attention and interest and the people are doing good work. Mrs. Wood is still in England but is expected home by July.

Osage.—The trustees have voted to employ a pastor as soon as he can be found.

DesMoines.—Unitarians of the Mid-West were in Conference here Feb. 1. with a good attendance and interest, making plans for the annual meeting next October. Rev. O. G. Colebrove was in attendance.

Keokuk.—Rev. O. G. Colegrove preached here Feb. 3 in exchange with the pastor of the Unitarian church, Rev. C. Summerbell. He reports a very substantial church and a healthy growth of liberal Christianity in this city.

Mitchellville.—Rev. O. G. Colegrove and wife are pastors here. We have a permanent fund of $650 and wish to add enough to build a parsonage. We shall be glad to hear from any one who will assist in this worthy cause. How much per year for three years? A good start has been made but we need helpers and any pledge will be appreciated by pastor and people.

Maine

Dexter.—Rev. William Garner, pastor. The men of the Boneka Club recently presented the "Drama of Job," the first of a series of Bible dramas to be given by the club in the interests of religious education. The music was under the direction of Jere Abbott, who also had charge of the scenery and staging. The presentation was very successful, the church being crowded to the doors and all standing room taken.

Massachusetts

Springfield, First.—Rev. Delmar E. Trout, pastor. Young People's Sunday was observed on Jan. 27. Instead of attending church worship, the members of the Y. P. C. U. had charge of the exercises in the Bible school. Miss Wynona Sherman acted as superintendent, conducting the service. Miss Frances Hoskins read the Scripture. Miss Helen Tucker gave a talk on "What the Y. P. C. U. does and has done for the Church and Bible School." Miss Marion Hastings read a paper on "What the Church and Bible School can do for the Y. P. C. U." Miss Marion Bradley served as pianist. The religious controversy between the Fundamentalist and Modernist was the occasion for three special sermons by the pastor. The subjects were: "The Modern Message of the Christian Church," on Jan. 6; "Jesus Christ, the Son of God," on Jan. 13; and "The Message of Universalism for To-day,' on Jan. 20. The annual parish meeting was held on Monday evening, Jan. 14. Eliphale Trask Tifft closed thirty-eight years of service as clerk of the parish at this meeting and a rising vote of thanks was extended to him as acknowledgment of his many years of service. Newly elected officers are: President, Julian R. Albee; vice-president, Everett E. Thompson; clerk, Howard A. Buffington; auditor, Ernest J. Hoskins. The treasurer reported the deficit had been lowered, through various sources, until it stood at $700. The Ladies' Society paid their $1200 pledged towards the budget and then of their own accord increased the sum $250 more to be applied on the reported deficit. The Mission Circle reported a membership of seventy-seven and that their quota to the state and national societies of $121 had been paid. The Clara Barton Guild has twenty-two members and $120 is given annually towards the support of a Japanese girl in the Blackmer Home. Promptly at 7 p. m., on Friday, Jan. 25, about fifty people sat down to a "real" beefsteak dinner, cooked and served by the social committee of the Men's Class. E. J. Hoskins was head chef, ably assisted by William C. Schorling. Frank C. Fredette was collector of revenue and general utility man, while Cummings L. Lothrop was general chairman. Mr. E. J. Hoskins, who some few years ago took a trip to Cuba, Panama, South America, and Bermuda, gave a very interesting talk on his trip, illustrating it with colored lantern slides. Miss Helen Chalmers, a trained kindergarten teacher, is conducting a church kindergarten during the Sunday morning hour of worship.

Minnesota

Owatonna.—The annual meeting has been held and appropriations made as follows: Japan Mission $150. Anoka $75. North Carolina Missions—Rev. H. L. Canfield $100, Mrs. Powell $100. State Y. P. C. U. $100. Home services, etc., $300. Former pastor $100. The ladies also help the Clara Barton Home, Camp Hill School and the aged people's home in Owatonna.

New York

Middleport.—The Sunday of Jan. 27 Rev. Hazel I. Kirk occupied the pulpit, and gave a short talk in the church school. The Young People's Sunday was postponed from Jan. 27 to Feb. 3 and it was a day of days. The morning service of worship was conducted wholly by the young people, and the choir of about twenty was composed of young people. The trustees announced that the offering of the loose collection would go to the young people, and they received about $16.

Ohio

Cincinnati.—Rev. John Edwin Price, pastor. The annual bazar and supper was a decided success this year. Although turkey was $1.10 a plate it sold out first. The circus given in December by the young people was enjoyable and remunerative. The pageant, "The Adoration of the Kings and Shepherds," was given as a part of the Christmas eve celebration to a large audience in the auditorium. The cast of forty-two persons between sixteen and fifty years of age was under the direction of Mrs. John Edwin Price, Miss Grace Nash, Miss Gertrude Markland, and Miss Lydia Beck. The following Sunday the Christ Crusade was officially inaugurated and two men and a woman united with the church, making a total of twenty-nine new members during the twenty-two months of the present pastorate. In the evening Miss Lydia Beck led a beautiful candlelight service and received several young people into membership of the Y. P. C. U. The minister and his wife received a total of $65 from members of the church besides many beautiful Christmas presents. The Radio Club under the direction of Mr. Belden Saur and the pastor has installed four radio sets for shut-ins. Funds were provided through the red side of our duplex envelopes from the local charity department. Through the kindness of two men of the parish a $90 radio set has been provided for the Sunday school. The annual parish meeting, which was enlivened by songs written for the occasion, showed progress and activity in each organization. Among other things the Clara Barton Guild reported having made and shipped dolls for the poor children of North Carolina. The Sunday school reported that through the efforts of its superintendent, Mr. Stanley C. Stall, they had purchased a $300 stereopticon and post-card projector for $100, and were giving the lectures available through the General Sunday School Association once a month. A new Men's Bible Class has been formed in the school. The Alliance reported having done sewing for local poor besides many other activities. The Y. P. C. U. report showed much accomplishment for their society and others. Other reports showed that besides paying state and national quotas and helping to finance the church, $840 had been given to missions and local charities. The minister's report showed that besides the local press notices his sermons or excerpts from them had been printed in Buffalo, N. Y., St. Petersburg, Fla., and other cities, and that fifteen sermons in whole or part had appeared in six magazines, thereby enlarging the local congregation by several hundred thouasnd. In response to several requests one of our members, Mrs. L. O. Saur, 2157 Slane Ave., Norwood, O., has prepared a form

with suggestions for the starting of Garden Clubs in our churches. They can be had for the asking. Young People's Sunday was observed and four capable young folks, Grace Nash, John McClure, Belden Saur and James McDonald, urged the older people to greater activity in behalf of the faith. The next Sunday the minister followed up their appeal and also challenged the young folks to show their faith by their works and see if they could bring more people to join the church by Easter than could those over thirty-five. The best news we have is that of the opening of our Broadwell School. On Thursday evenings we have a class in civics which is also preparing people for naturalization under the direction of Professor Eyler, a teacher in local schools. On Friday evenings at 7.30 we have a class in health culture and self-expression for older girls and women under Annette R. Campbell. At the same hour there is a class in nature study under Professor Crane, also an instructor in a local school. At 8.30 Mr. Price, whom the trustees have elected dean of the school, lectures on the modern drama. On Saturday evenings Lieut. Julian Frisbie, in charge of the local marine corps, conducts two classes in physical culture for men and boys. On Monday evenings at eight we have a teacher training class for Sunday school workers. At this writing we have been operating but two weeks. The registration so far is as follows: Civics, 11; Health Culture, 42; Nature Study, 45; Dramas, 135; Physical Culture, 10; Teacher Training, 19. The local press have co-operated wonderfully. The *Times-Star* featured a three column cut of our teachers and electrically lighted bulletin board, giving it a four column heading and a column and a half write up, the city editor himself preparing the copy. The *Post* gave us a large type heading clear across the page and a special staff write up. The *Specialty Salesman Magazine* for March has an article in it by our pastor.

* *

A LETTER FROM DENVER

Many are the favors coming from our General Convention to us ("unnormal Universalists" as Granville Hicks designates us) way out here on the frontier of the field of Universalism, several hundred miles from any other church of our faith, and not the least of those favors was given us the past week when our General Superintendent, Dr. Lowe, and the Secretary of the Convention, Rev. Roger F. Etz, came "all the way" and visited us. Yea, more, they advised, encouraged and inspired our people in the work being carried on here in the cause of Universalism, and I have the pleasure, on behalf of our people, of expressing our deep appreciation of their visit and all they so generously did for us.

Dr. Lowe has been with us two or three times before, and through his genial personality, wise counsel and inspiring messages has won our confidence, loyalty and love, and we have come to know that the very important office of General Superintendent is being administered by him most efficiently and to the great and lasting benefit of our church everywhere.

It was Mr. Etz's first visit to the "wild and woolly" West, but, after the very favorable impression he left with all of us, both by his kindly, cordial personality and his public utterances, it will not be his last if we can have our way. His coming was particularly pleasing to the writer for the reason that we were former fellow townsmen of Akron, Ohio. I am justly very proud of him and the fine work he is doing for the cause.

Saturday, Jan. 26, we had the pleasure of showing them around Denver and out over and around some of our "hills," and modestly (?) telling them of just a few of Denver and Colorado's points and problems of interest—at least to ourselves.

Sunday, Rev. Mr. Niles preached the morning sermon and Dr. Lowe and Rev. Mr. Etz assisted in the services, while in the evening the installation service for Mr. Niles was held.

It was an impressive service, particularly the sermon by Dr. Lowe on "The Eternal Christ," and also the charge to the minister by Mr. Etz. It was especially appreciated by the people for the reason that it was the first installation service participated in by any of our national officials in the history of the church here.

On Monday evening nearly 100 joined in a dinner to our guests, and there again enjoyed to the full their splendid addresses —earnest words of advice and encouragement, of the work well done by the Church at large, and the wonderful visions of the much greater future, enlivened by flashes of humor which so enrich occasions of that kind. Then a hurried "good-by," a rush to the train, and they were off on their long journey back east to other fields of labor for the cause. Their presence here did us much good and we earnestly hope that it will not be so long before they come again.

In this connection we wish to say that while Mr. Niles has been with us but a few months, still, it has been long enough for us to know that we have again been favored in having him sent to lead us in the work. He is doing most excellent work, while the spirit throughout the membership was never better, and the feeling generally is that a new and more glorious day is breaking for the cause of Universalism and the true Christ spirit in the life of mankind way up here at the "Top of the World."

E. R. Harper.

Feb. 4, 1924.

* *

THE RESIGNATION OF DR. ALBION

It has been reported that Rev. Dr. James F. Albion, who has been the pastor of the Congress Square Universalist Church for twenty years, is to tender his resignation and retire from active pastoral work on account of ill health. This will be deeply regretted by thousands of Portland people, not only those who have had the good fortune to be closely identified with him in his own church, but by many others who have come in contact with him in a fraternal, social or community way.

Dr. Albion has a great many admirers. He has exerted a profound influence upon the people of this city and state. A very modest gentleman, he has never sought the limelight; has never indulged in efforts to attract attention to himself by advocating radical or sensational things, but in spite of this he has become one of the best known and most popular clergymen Portland has ever known. He has given real service to the people of this city. He has not spared himself in the promotion of any good cause where he felt that he could be of use. During the war, when the country was demanding all that its citizens had to give, Dr. Albion was a tireless worker. He was called upon as a speaker on every occasion and at a sacrifice of himself he never failed to respond. The Government has presented decorations to hundreds of citizens and officials who did no more, and many of them did much less, than did this patriotic clergyman.

It seems fitting to say at this time, too, that Dr. Albion's strength and means have been severely tested by the great amount of charitable work he has been called upon to do. How great a tax this has been upon him nobody will ever know, but it has been one of the things which has contributed to his failing health. It was a duty he could not escape and probably did not wish to escape. This work has endeared him to hundreds of people in all walks of life.

When we say that we look upon Dr. Albion as a splendid example of a useful citizen we believe we are paying him a tribute he deserves. Portland will suffer a distinct loss when he retires from active pastoral work and should he decide to take up his residence in some other city he will be greatly missed.

Wherever he goes, however, the affection of thousands of Portland and Maine people will follow him. He can not sever his connection with this city altogether because the ties which bind him to the people of Portland are too strong. These ties will exist as long as he lives, no matter how great a distance he may place between himself and the people he loves and who have come to love him.—*Portland Press Herald.*

* *

Who's Who in this Issue

Winfred Ernest Garrison is dean of the Disciples Divinity House, associate professor of church history at the University of Chicago and the author of several books. He was at one time president of the New Mexico Normal University and president of the New Mexico

College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts. He was a member of the Constitutional Convention in 1910 which framed the constitution under which New Mexico was admitted to the Union.

Dr. Le Grand Powers, a Universalist minister, holds a government position in Washington.

Rev. H. B. Taylor is pastor of the Universalist church at Meriden, Ct., going there from the church at West Somerville, Mass.

Dr. Hall, Dr. Perkins and Dr. Evans need no introduction.

* *

Notices

SOUTHERN UNIVERSALIST YOUNG PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Chattanooga, Tenn.

The next annual meeting of the above-named Institute will occur June 20 to 29 at the Shinn Memorial Church. Instructors: Rev. George A. Gay, Rev. L. B. Fisher, Mrs. Katharine Haskell Ball, and others to be announced. Begin now to make your plans to attend, and notice the changed date. It is hoped that by placing the meetings in June many more of our Southern young people may come.

George A. Gay, Director.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS UNIVERSALIST COMRADES

The annual banquet of the State Chapter will be held at the Boston City Club on Feb. 29, 1924, 6.30 p. m. Mr. Joe Chapple, the popular lecturer, and our own Dr. van Schaick have been secured as speakers. This should be our greatest get-together as Comrades. All local Chapters and Men's Clubs are requested to mark their calendars *now*.

James D. Tillinghast, Secretary.

* *

PUBLIC MEETING

W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts

The W. U. M. S. of Massachusetts will hold a Public Meeting at the Universalist Church in Roxbury Thursday, March 13.

* *

NEW HAMPSHIRE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Fellowship was granted to Rev. Harry F. Shook, Feb. 11, 1924, on a letter of transfer from the Maine Convention.

Frank W. Whippen, Secretary

* *

OHIO FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Letter of transfer to the Minnesota Convention granted to Rev. John M. Foglesong, Jan. 2, 1924.

Certificate of fellowship granted to Rev. Robert Tipton of North Olmstead, Ohio, Feb. 8, 1924.

Sara L. Stoner, Secretary.

* *

BOSTON MINISTERS' MEETING

The announced Ministers' Meeting of Feb. 25, at which Dr. Samuel McChord Crothers of Cambridge was to speak, has been indefinitely postponed, by urgent request of the Committee for the Relief of German Children.

A joint meeting of the ministers of Greater Boston will be held at 11.30 a. m., on this same Monday, Feb. 25, in Pilgrim Hall, 14 Beacon St. The speakers will be General Henry T. Allen and Rev. Ernest Lyman Mills.

The officers of the Boston Universalist Ministers' Meeting feel that it is the expression of the genius of our faith to co-operate in this union service. They hope to bring Dr. Crothers to our local meeting on some future occasion.

Obituary

Mrs. J. E. H. Townsend

Abbie Augusta Brackett, wife of John E. H. Townsend, died at her home in Biddeford, Maine, Feb. 11, 1924, at the age of seventy-eight years. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. James Brackett, Jr., of Saco and has been a lifelong resident of Saco and Biddeford. Nearly sixty years ago she married John E. H. Townsend, the couple having celebrated their golden wedding in May, 1914. For more than half a century she has been a member of the Universalist church in this city and a most loyal worker and supporter, having served as president of the Ladies' Aid and as a teacher in the Sunday school for many years.

She was also one of the pioneer members of the Ferry Beach Park Association, spending many summers at the Hotel Quillen and always taking a lively interest in the association meetings.

Although never blessed with robust health she found time and strength to extend a helping hand to many a worthy cause and to make her beautiful Christian life felt far beyond the home circle.

Besides her husband she leaves four children, Mrs. George W. Bridgman, Mrs. Percy L. Tate and Mr. George E. Townsend of Biddeford, Mrs. Franklin J. Witham of Utica, N. Y., five grandchildren and one sister.

Her funeral was held at her home with her pastor, the Rev. Sidney J. Willis, officiating.

Anna May Barnes

Anna May, youngest daughter of Thomas Benton and Caroline Barnes, died Jan. 23, in Jeffersonville, Ind., at the home of her sister, Stella Barnes. Although Anna was always a delicate girl, she remained at home and cared for her mother through all the years of her invalidism. Just about the time of her mother's death, Feb. 28, 1922, Anna suffered a nervous breakdown from which she never recovered.

She was a member of the Tryus Universalist Church at Saluda, Ind.

She leaves an aged father, one sister and four brothers. It can be truthfully said of her, "To know her was to love her."

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Crackling

The danger in having liberal ideas is that you may cling to them and be called an old fogy ten years from now.—*St. Joseph News Press.*

* *

We don't believe the report that Mr. Munsey will merge the *Literary Digest* and the *Police Gazette*, keeping the best features of both.—*New York World.*

* *

"Scofflaw" suggests that a more effective term to apply to bootleggers and their patrons would be sixty days.—*Springfield Republican.*

* *

Tommy had been sent to the hardware store for a thermometer.

"Did your mother say what size?" asked the clerk.

"No," answered Tommy, "but gmmie the biggest one you've got. It's to warm my bedroom with."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

A negro rector was preaching on the horrors of hell and when he finished the phrase, "And there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth," there was a sudden burst of emotion in the front pew.

"What's the matter, Myriah?" he said.

"I'se ain't got no teeth," Myriah said.

"Teeth will be furnished," he added.—*Punch Bowl.*

* *

"Bobby," said the teacher sternly, "do you know that you have broken the eighth Commandment by stealing James's apple?"

"Well," explained Bobby, "I might just as well break the eighth and have the apple as to break the tenth and only covet it."—*Forecast.*

* *

It was a sleepy sort of day, the class was about half the usual size and the Professor was calling the roll in a half-absent manner. To each name some one had answered "here" until the name Smith was called. Silence reigned supreme for a moment only to be broken by the Prof's voice.

"My word! Hasn't Mr. Smith any friends here?"—*Humbug.*

* *

She: "Does skating require any particular application?"

He: "No; arnica or horse liniment—one's as good as the other."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

"The whole population of the United States," says a statistician, "could go motoring at the same time." But that would ruin the grand old sport of pedestrian-hunting.—*Birmingham Age-Herald.*

* *

She: "Isn't it a nuisance, dear? Mother sent me a recipe for some wonderful floor polish, but I've mislaid it."

He (tasting soup suspiciously): "Are you sure you mislaid it, darling?"—*The Passing Show (London).*

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